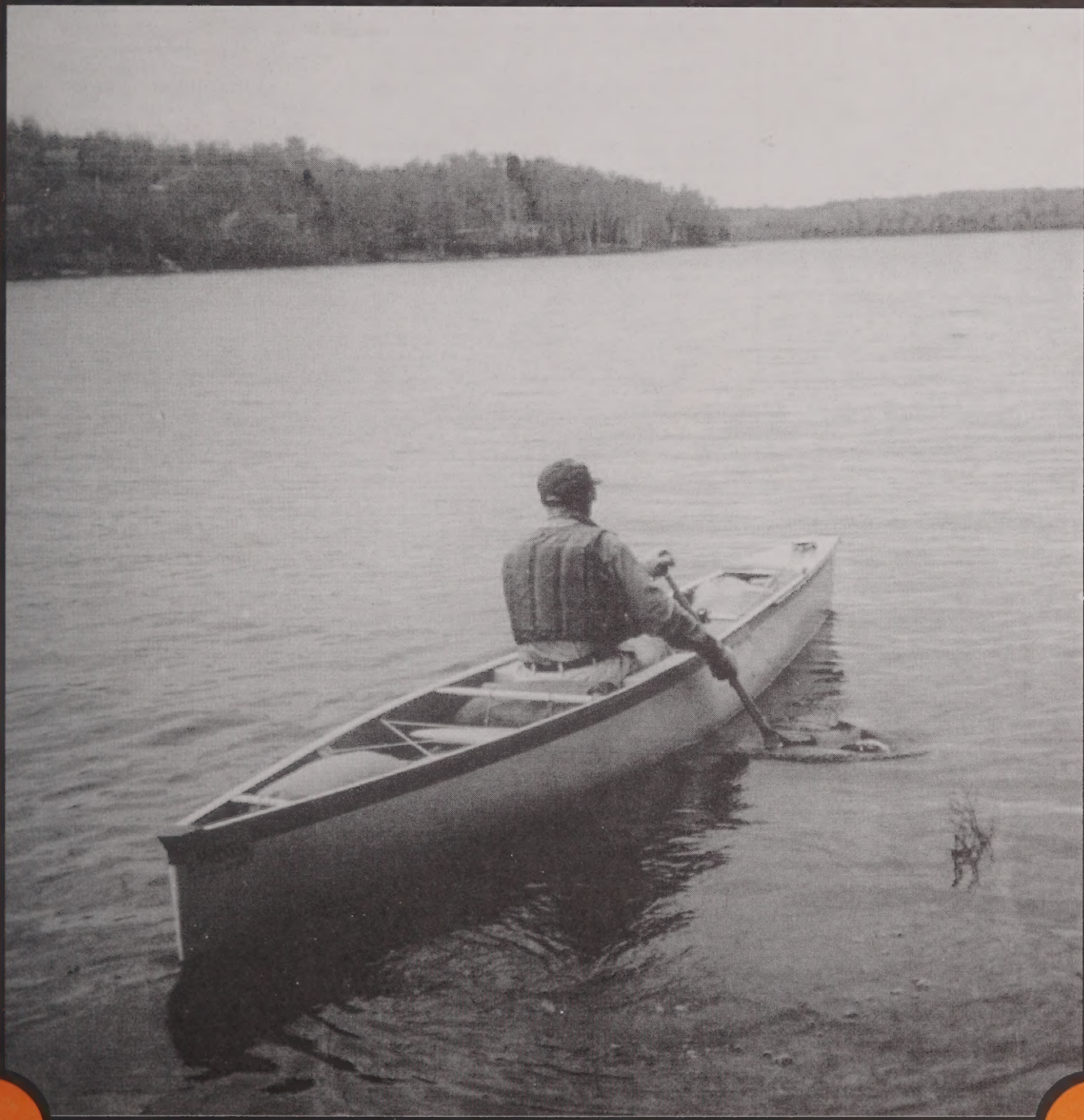




messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - Number 23

April 15, 1999

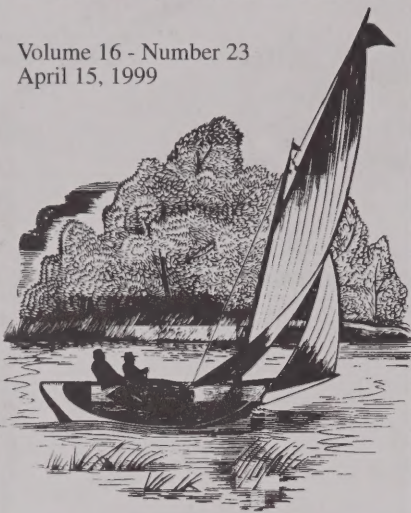


"CWB...
"3 Lakes...3 Different Worlds"
...ures This Issue
...Course After 20 Years?"
... "A Modest Proposal"

messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

Volume 16 - Number 23
April 15, 1999



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In Our Next Issue...

I will have a first hand report on "Snow Row '99", opening the New England on-the-water rowing season March 6.

Bob Austin brings us the first installment of his "Lake Titicaca Days", a year spent sailing on the world's highest lake; Tim Weaver concludes his "Modest Proposal"; Chapter VIII of William Washburn Nutting's *Track of the Typhoon* finds "Typhoon in Sunny Spain", and Paul Brown tells us about a special boating dog in "Bird Dog".

Chris Crandall describes "Building Occam's Razor", a mini-shantyboat; Chris Kulczycki give us all the details on his new "Annapolis Wherry" kit; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" looks at "Uncle Gabe's Skiff"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present "A Plain 18' Outboard Utility".

With spring at hand Garry Osborn's "Moving a Boat & Raising a Mast" offers some handy advice for those faced with such springtime tasks.

On the Cover...

Reinhard Zollitsch was off again on another spring canoe trip in May, 1998, circumnavigating three different northeastern lakes. What he discovered is featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I write this on March 7th, having spent from 10am until 3pm doing snow removal for a late season snowstorm that came through overnight. Tomorrow Jane has a meeting of her herb society in her greenhouse and so the snow had to be cleared away from that facility as well as the driveway, walkways, all that. With my duties to "the place", and physical fitness exercises discharged, I sit here in the armchair facing the Macintosh screen and think about what I am going to have to say. Tomorrow is also "going to press day" for this April 15th issue.

My thoughts are tending to focus at last, as winter reluctantly begins its departure, on what I am going to do myself this year in boats. With a mild and relatively snow-free February, thoughts of outdoors on the bikes and on the water again became appropriate. This snowstorm spoiled this warming outdoor scene created by lengthening days, but I have to believe that it is but a dying gasp of the great white eagle of the north.

Well, last year I had been tinkering with that kayak trimaran I have been bringing along sort of slowly for a while, but my boating time got caught up in part with my volunteer leadership work taking people with disabilities out into the great outdoors. The organization I volunteered for, Outdoor Explorations, had been developing a sea kayaking program last spring, and when the program director suddenly parted company with them shortly before the kayaking program was to get underway, I was drawn into the void and helped get the program moving and sorted out.

But this set the trimaran aside, as did my increasingly numerous bicycling outings, and so here it is another season imminent and I have yet to get this thing really afloat and in use. To further complicate the project, I have decided I want to fit the trimaran rig to my longer 21' double Seda Tango sea kayak. This way I can have some company, including a paraplegic friend I have paddled with.

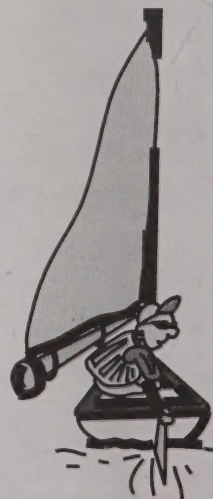
This means more fabrication of stuff. The idea is to fit the existing 16' amas and their 14' akas onto the Tango hull. The solo Viking has an aluminum bridgework structure I made up mounted on its hull, to which the tubular akas are clamped with U-bolts, and on which the leeboard is mounted. Similar bridgework, but of different dimensions, has to be mounted on the Tango. Not a technical challenge but a measure it up and build it task. The overall concept is that of attaching the appropriate kayak hull (solo or double) to the ama/aka/leeboard/mast mounting tube structure, rather than integrating the trimaran pieces into the kayaks. This way I can use the either of the kayaks for paddling or as trimarans.

Well, I started on it last week when I went to a local scrap metals outlet, an obscure bay in an industrial park truck garage where a couple of guys stockpile leftover non-ferrous metals they buy as scrap from area fabricators. For \$2 a pound I can buy aluminum and stainless steel in small bits, but my designing has to be flexible enough to accommodate to the sizes they may have available. I gathered up about \$30 worth of aluminum channel and angle stock, also some flat strap stock that serves inside the kayak deck as backing plates for the stainless bolts to which the trimaran rig attaches. Now I need only make the piece parts.

As I am a seat of the pants engineer who does not work from drawings but makes a part and fits it where it goes before making the part intended to fit next, etc., I have to have setup space for the project. Despite all the buildings I have around here, setting up the 21' kayak where I can also fit to it the 14' beam trimaran rig posed a space problem I could solve only by setting up outdoors. There's still enough outdoor space here. All that indoor space is full of other things, including other projects. You know, "things expand to fill the space available".

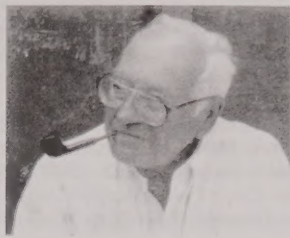
As now there's about 10" of snow on the outdoor space, I'll have to wait a while yet it seems. In the meantime I have the tandem recumbent bicycle I'm building about 75% done in my main workshop space, along with the partly reconditioned 1973 Triumph motorcycle, and the basic pieces for the recumbent hand trike my paraplegic friend and I are building for him to use this summer. And in the building that connects the barn to the house the lumber and tools that are involved in the current kitchen rebuild are housed, no room there.

But I am not discouraged, it's only early March and the actual fabrication work will not be too time consuming. I've actually gone and got materials, thought about what I need to do, figured out the setup to make fabrication and fitting easiest. Hey, I'm on my way already! Hope springs eternal.





Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw
U.S.C.G.A., Division 10

Power and Sail

My Auxiliary flotilla is well into the spring "Boating Skills and Seamanship" course which we normally teach four times a year. This is a typical group of 27; two kids with their dad, three husband/wife teams, two young men about to buy their first boat, a group of newly retired who suddenly have leisure to be on the water, and three "old salts" who have been messing about for years.

Every class seems to have this last category of students, and I always wonder what they expect from a course essentially designed for beginners. Some, I believe, simply want to sharpen up skills that may have become dulled by habit. Some have decided that taking the course is a small price to pay for a 10% discount on their boat insurance. We are always glad to see these folks, they ask good questions.

These days we are working with an entirely new Auxiliary textbook. In almost every respect it is a real improvement, but I say "almost" because the new text has dropped the chapter on sailing. I suppose there are reasons. We do have a "Sailing Skills and Seamanship" course, and most powerboaters are not terribly interested in jibs, main sheets, or centerboards.

Yet, I think something important has been lost. The vast majority of our students have absolutely no idea of how a sailing vessel operates, why it makes sudden course changes (tacking), or why, if they roar by with a significant wake as the sailor is coming about, they can throw him in irons and cause problems if not disaster.

Were I omnipotent, I would make every powerboater, very definitely including opera-

tors of personal watercraft, spend a few hours on a small sailboat in crowded waters. It might help him understand why (save in the rare instance when a sailboat overtakes a powerboat) the sailboat ALWAYS has the right of way. It might teach him to anticipate what a sailing vessel will do as it nears the edge of the channel.

The boating population is increasing geometrically on our lakes, rivers, and the Intra Coastal Waterway, increasing to the point that, save when I am on patrol, I do not take my boat out on a weekend or a holiday. It's just too congested out there.

With the ever-growing number of boats, it becomes more and more important that each skipper knows and obeys the rules of the road, that each skipper exercises real boating courtesy, and that each skipper has a basic understanding of what the other vessel might suddenly have to do, e.g., tack, or what it simply cannot do, e.g., if it's a tug pushing barges, stop. The only substitute for knowledge is knowledge coupled with experience.

These thoughts are probably reaching the wrong audience. Readers of *Boats*, whether their first love is power, sail, or paddle, mostly mess about in small vessels. They know, first-hand, the harm and danger that inconsiderate and unlearned (I am avoiding the word "ignorant") skippers of bigger vessels can do.

But we can cause improvement. Tell your stories at the dock or the clubhouse over a cold one. Let others hear of how a 200hp ski-boat's wake threw you in irons or came close to swamping your canoe. The overwhelming majority of the offenders are neither mean nor selfish, they simply do not know.

You and I need to educate them.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Twisted Grain

I was talking with Pete Seeger the other day. We got to talking about the problems of maintaining a big wooden vessel and how some of the problems start out as built-ins.

When he and a surveyor arrived at South Bristol, Maine, to do the final pre-launch inspection on *Clearwater*, he noted that the grain of the bowsprit was spiral rather than straight. When he questioned Harvey Gamage about this, Old Harvey told him that he could replace the stick, but that it would take a week. At the time they were on a very tight schedule in terms of the appointments they had planned for the maiden voyage. In short, they could not afford the week, so they told Gamage to continue. A straight-grained stick was put aside to replace the twisty piece when it was needed. It took me a while to understand how this grain pattern could occur.

Anyone who has driven through New England is likely to have noted the many telephone poles with spiral grain. One thing New

England has is hills and mountains, usually covered with trees. Living on a mountain guarantees some breeze most of the time. If you are a tree, you have several forces on you; the tendency to grow upward and the need to present as much green surface to the sun and the wind. If the prevailing wind is at an angle to the line of the sun and is consistent enough, the tree has a tendency to grow spiral grain as the tree twists in its upward growth. This may not be reflected in its outward appearance. These changes occur over the course of years or decades and, unless branches are marked in terms of their initial location, are invisible until the tree is felled and barked. It is, however, unconventional to use wood with twisted grain on a boat. In a spar, the fibers would be continuous through the length of the spar. Instead of being rigid, as with a straight-grained spar, here you would have a giant spring on the end of the boat. It would be able to flex and possibly even compress significantly without fail-

ing. On the other hand, the stress-induced changes in bowsprit length would put a lot of shock loads into the mast, endangering the rest of the rig. After the second year, it was replaced with the straight piece, just to be on the safe side.

There was a much more serious issue that they became aware of that day. Although seasoned timber had been specified in the contract, almost everything used "had birds singin' in it a few days ago." Since the boat was almost complete, there was not a lot that could be done about this. Gamage advised them that this was not a reason to worry, as a daily deck wash with salt water would eventually cure the wood. The slop and seepage would cure the sides of the boat and the interior wood.

Many Down Easters had been built this way before the changeover to iron ships. As long as they were salted, they lasted. There are those who argue that this is actually the best way to age wood, as salt gradually replaces the sugars in the wood, giving rot spores nothing to eat. A common sight near shipyards in the 18th and 19th centuries was a bunch of logs lying in a salt pond, aging. This was used both for spar woods and hull timbers.

Clearwater was launched on schedule. Unfortunately, the crew did not follow Mr. Gamage's advice. A few years later, the boat was brought gingerly back to a yard in Maine and hauled. About a third of the hull had rotted and was replaced, mostly in the after areas. Since then, almost as a religious devotion, the deck gets a brine wash daily.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

1999 North Carolina Wooden Boat Show

Our North Carolina Maritime Museum's 1999 Wooden Boat Show on May 1st will be the 25th annual show. In addition to the array of fine wooden boats, there will be demonstrations by traditional craftsmen and races for spritsail skiffs and for the Junior Sailors in their Optimist prams.

For youth there will be an art exhibit by students from local schools, and the Carolina Maritime Model Society will conduct children's model-making classes. For the delight of young people of all ages radio-controlled model boats will operate in a large pool on the museum's patio.

On the water, local restaurants and businesses have been challenged to assemble crews to race against each other using the Beaufort Oars' rowing gigs in an event that should be colorful and entertaining. Boats from the museum's collection of traditional small craft will be available for visitors to sail or row on Taylors Creek.

The *Elizabeth II*, a replica of a late sixteenth century sailing ship usually berthed at Festival Park on Roanoke Island, has accepted an invitation to attend. This fascinating vessel will be open to the public throughout the day of the show. Her crew of period seamen will be on hand to spin salty yarns of their early voyages from England to the New World.

Paul Fontenoy, Curator of Maritime Research, North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516

Whaling City Rowing News

New Bedford's SummerFest 1999 will feature the largest whaleboat race on the east coast, races using the new, classic design, 28' whaleboats which take five rowers and a coxswain. We expect over 20 teams to enter! Our Whaling City Rowing club will run these whaleboat races but we need your help! There are jobs to suit every schedule. Interested persons please contact Michael J. K. Pope at (508) 992-1921 or email: pdp@ultranet.com to let him know you'll be happy to help with the New Bedford Independence Day American Whaleboat Race!

This Spring, in connection with New Bedford's Junior High After School Program,

The *Titleist* on a 5 degree day; cold thwarts!

we will begin the first youth educational rowing program in New Bedford. The program is made possible through a state grant administered by the City of New Bedford, and is free to children from the three New Bedford Junior Highs.

Safety and teamwork will be emphasized; the crews will learn to row multi-oared boats and will acquire the skills involved in small-boat handling. They will also be given an overview of our local maritime heritage.

We are still in need of volunteers, and would like to have on hand appropriate rowing gear and outerwear, in sizes to fit twelve years and up. If you would like to volunteer your time or have clothing items for the youth rowers please contact us at (508) 993-8537.

A new kid on the block has arrived and can be seen gliding gracefully through our waters, although the new whaleboat, the *Titleist*, has not yet had an official launch party. When we do finally celebrate the launching of this glorious boat we'll have to do a bit of pretending. In the meantime, many thanks are due to the Whaleboats for the Whaling City Committee for donating the *Titleist* to the WCRC!

Whaleboats for the Whaling City is an exciting project aimed at raising funds to construct a minimum of four classic design, New Bedford whaleboats for permanent use in New Bedford Harbor. Whaleboats in the harbor will bring to life New Bedford's maritime history and culture. The whaleboats will be modeled on a design from the 1850s by one of New Bedford's most famous boat builders, James Beetle.

The first boat, the *Titleist*, has been launched and we will soon plan an official launch celebration. The second boat, the *Aerovox/Compass Bank*, is off the mold, with the third boat already begun.

The spruce oars, delivered from the Nova Scotia builder; two 15', two 16', one 17' and a 21' steering oar, are made in the oar lengths found in the traditional American whaleboats. The bronze oarlocks and their sockets have been expertly crafted and donated by Edson International of New Bedford.

Our fund-raising efforts continue and we have raised \$53,000, with \$27,000 still to go. We've received contributions ranging from \$5 to \$15,000; each one is important and very much appreciated: Please help us to reach our

goal and launch these beautiful boats in the New Bedford waters. Checks should be made payable to: WHALE Whaleboat Project, 33 William St., New Bedford, MA 02740. For more information, contact: Michael J. K. Pope at (508) 992-1921, email: pdp@ultranet.com
Whale City Rowing Club, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740

Opinions...

The Boxy Bolger Boats

In the February 1st Phil Bolger & Friends go to considerable length to defend his work. I for one am certainly well aware that some of his work has had unfavorable mention from some of the experts on classic boat design.

It is like with religion: If you are not in line with the particular brand of faith as propounded by the pastor of the church on the corner, hellfire and brimstone will rain on you by day, and damnation by night. It is odd, but if there is one thing we humans cannot stand it is someone who holds a different viewpoint, and ours is always the one and infallible truth.

In the eyes of the Big Yachting Fraternity, the bungler like you and me are just a nuisance on the water, eyesores at worst. Deep down, the feeling is that we really should not be allowed to pollute the environment and get in the way of the real yachts.

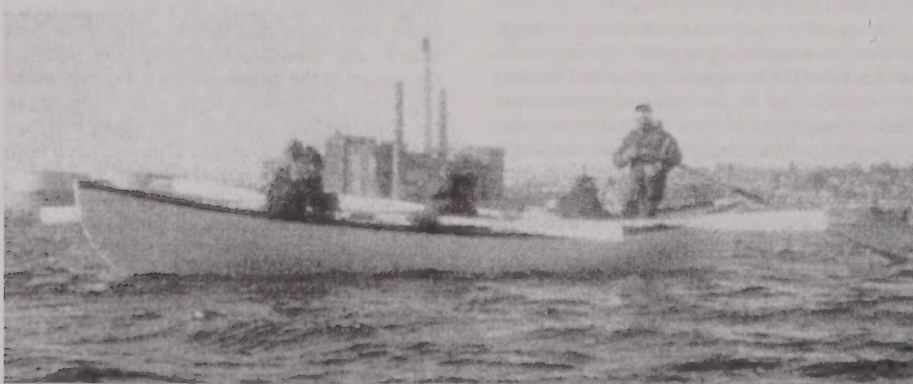
To such people anything that deviates from the Olde and Revered Order is blasphemy of the worst kind. I know, for as a child I belonged to that fraternity. Everything was just so, as God created it, in every respect a totally static society.

Those of us who indulged yachting were called sports. It reminds me of the psychiatrist my company sent me to so I could be tested for managerial potential. According to him I was not a sport. "What do you mean," I said, "I ride horse, I swim, I'm a long distance runner, I've backpacked all over Europe on my two little feet, no hitch-hiking, I sail, I was on my school's hockey team and soccer team...."

"You do not watch the games," he pointed out. A guy lounging on a couch, swilling beer, is a sport? It is in fact the kind of sport that is, or was then, indulged in by the Big Yacht Fraternity.

To illustrate: I remember a ten day trip up the Rhine. There were 16 guests, two kids, my brother and myself, and 14 adults, all in cabins. All meals were served on board. There was a captain with two deckhands, an engineer in a spotless two-engine engine room, and there must have been a cook, although I never saw him, but someone must have prepared those sumptuous meals.

Upon coming on board, my brother and I were instructed NOT to touch the gleaming brass, or the varnish or the paint, or mark the deck with our clumsy feet. We sat. Ten days we sat. We sat under a striped awning on the aft deck. We got up to go to the dining room, or to go to bed, and sometimes for a little stroll ashore when we had to load gas. Never ever did anybody touch a rope. We were all dressed in spotless white long pants, spotless white soft shoes, spotless white shirts and a blazer. Everybody had a peaked cap. Nobody knew anything about tying a rope, rowing, sailing, but everybody knew everything about what a proper yacht should look like.



Fifty years later, sitting in a Newport Beach, California, yacht club, invited there after some boat parade, the same people were holding forth about the same subject; the proper yacht, meanwhile running down everything in sight, especially the multihulls which were then becoming popular. Never mind that one of these proper yachts had just lost its keel in full view of Newport Beach's crowded beaches, and had disappeared beneath the waves, the harbor patrol racing to the rescue of its crew.

When I was about twelve, my mother gave my brother and I a 17' two man touring/sailing kayak, probably the greatest gift we ever received. Over the years we got more pleasure and joy out of this small and humble craft than anything else we've owned since. One day, sitting by myself among the reeds, the sun shining, the humming of insects the only sound, my heart overflowing with that peace that transcends human understanding I made a wish. The wish was that everybody who wanted it should be able to own some small craft that would bring him in touch, if even for a moment, with such a blissful instant of eternity. This wish has been fulfilled.

Designers have risen up to bring boating to the general public. Francis Herreshoff expounded on the pleasure to be had from a simple uncomplicated boat. Sam Rabl wrote and designed especially for the backyard builder. Others followed. As first the common woodworking skills disappeared, then the time honored materials themselves became scarcer and out of reach for most, other materials and methods were developed. Phil Bolger may not be the only one, but he has probably gone the farthest to pioneer new possibilities in wood and steel. Against his dogged persistence to achieve the best possible craft for every purse and skill, the occasional lack of successful achievement has been merely a stepping stone to ever greater improvements.

Messages and dogmas belong in churches. The Good Olde Time and its much vaunted old values are pure fantasy, unless you want to count hypocrisy, cheating and lying as values, and sweatshops, child labor and eighteen hour days in seven day weeks as Good Olde Time. Don't try to tell me different. I lived in those good old days; but I happened to be a child with a wide open mind, eyes and ears.

If narrow minded people who should know better run you down it hurts. It does no good to say pay no attention, don't attach any meaning to it, etc.etc. But rather let those of us who really appreciate Phil Bolger and his efforts, who love his books and articles and follow breathlessly every new development, let us give him our support, the pat on the back that everyone needs from time to time.

For all your readers, for all those who use your designs or have been inspired by them, "Thank you Phil, with all our hearts!"

Richard Carsen, Flagstaff, AZ

Readers Very Knowledgeable

I have had a good response to the Catfish Story (February 1st). A lot of your readers are very knowledgeable. They liked the picture of the old *Ferg*. They noticed that, though he is obviously old and beat up, somebody is proud of the boat. No rusty streaks, varnished wheelhouse trim, can't tell it, but the brass is polished and the engine room and bilges are clean. Some wanted to know why there was no ex-

tensive pudding on the bow and so few tires but others knew that it was a towboat and not a pushboat. Noticed the old carbon-arc searchlight, the busted fore quarter bit, the paint drippings on the dinghy, the spike pole sprung in the rail, the antique radar. One man knew that it was an old picture because there were no drip boxes under the fuel tank vent goose-necks, pre-'70 he thought. I think it was about 1967.

Old *Ferg*, 1954-1988 running continuously, cut up in Bourge, Louisiana I heard. I stopped to see the old captain just this fall. He had just taken the 9-point-9 off the transom of his skiff and dumped it into a wheelbarrow. Had his teeth in. When I asked him about that, he snapped, "Had to go vote," and snatched the teeth out and threw them in the wheelbarrow with the engine. He still pilots towboats into the narrow, rocky St. Marks River when it suits him. Never spilled a drop of oil in his life. I guess it ain't quite time to cut him up just yet.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Horried

I was horrified to read Bob Patterson's advice to use meranti (lauan) plywood for boat building, in the December 15 issue. Following a friend's similar advice, I used 1/4", 1/2" and 3/4" lauan plywood to construct a 16' Windmill sailboat in 1985. Even after coating the inside of the hull with polyester resin, and marine varnish and coating the outside of the hull with fiberglass cloth, epoxy and marine paint, I experienced delamination of the bargain material to the extent to where, after three seasons of constant delamination repair, I cut the hull up so that I could salvage the frame material for other boat projects.

The cost of marine plywood is minimal when compared to value of time, effort, and the other materials which go into building a boat. Lauan plywood and spruce strapping may be fine for mock-ups or one season throw away boat projects but they should not be used for hulls which are expect to last.

Mike Kelley, Old Saybrook, CT

Useful Information...

More on Drown Proofing

I enjoyed the article "Drown Proofing in Hull" by Lucy Iannotti in the Dec. 15, 1998 issue. This excellent training ought to be done more often by more people.

I had to smile when I read that the trainees had to tread water for three minutes. At age 16, I took the drown proofing course developed for the U.S. Navy by swimming coach Fred Lanoe at Georgia Tech. In that course, we had to tread water for 45 minutes under several different conditions.

First, we jumped into the Georgia Tech pool with clothes on. We learned to take off our trousers, tie the bottom of the pant legs into knots, then bring the waist of the trousers over our heads to fill the trousers with air to form a makeshift PFD. We learned to take a deep breath, then blow up into the trousers to keep them full of air. We also learned to keep the trousers wet to reduce air leakage. We floated for 45 minutes in this fashion.

The next drill was "bobbing". If caught off shore where the water is not too deep, you can make it to shore by exhaling, sinking to

the bottom, then giving a strong push shoreward with your legs. You repeat this until you reach shore, another 45 minute drill.

Next, our wrists were bound with rope behind our backs. We jumped in and learned the Dead Man's Float, where you breath in enough for your lungs to make you buoyant, then put your head down and relax completely. You then kick forward with your legs, take another breath and repeat for 45 minutes.

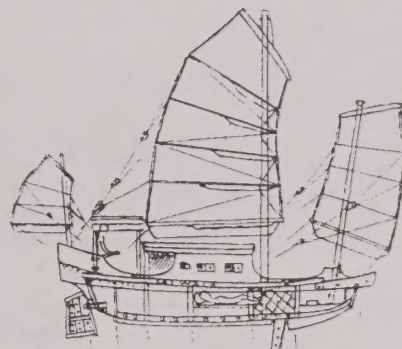
The next drill was a little more difficult. Our ankles were tied together and to our waists; again to simulate an injury. We then floated for 45 minutes using our arms.

Lastly, we learned to swim the length of the pool and back under water without breathing. This was to teach sailors to swim under burning oil after abandoning ship. This was the hardest. Not all of us made it back. I was amazed how far you can swim under water if you have too!

This course was a great confidence builder. It is unlikely that any of us would panic when faced with these situations. Of course, if we had been able to wear PFDs, we would have had it a lot easier!

Ruddy Ellis, Atlanta, GA

Corrected Profile

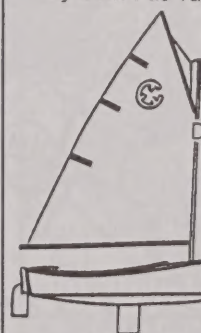


Here is a corrected drawing of the profile of the Hi-Tao, originally published in my January 1st issue "Dreamboats". The aft part was too high in the original drawing. Now that I have had some reader interest in the design I thought the corrected profile should be presented.

Richard Carsen, Flagstaff, AZ

The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



14' length overall
6'6" beam
draft: 6" board up
32" board down
Displacement 500lbs
109 sq ft sail area

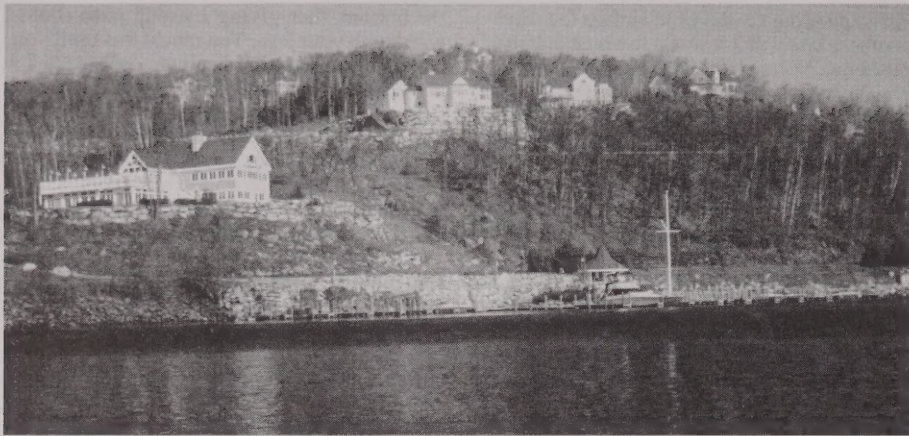
COMPAC

16'-19'-23'

SUNFISH - ZUMA

FERNALD'S MARINE

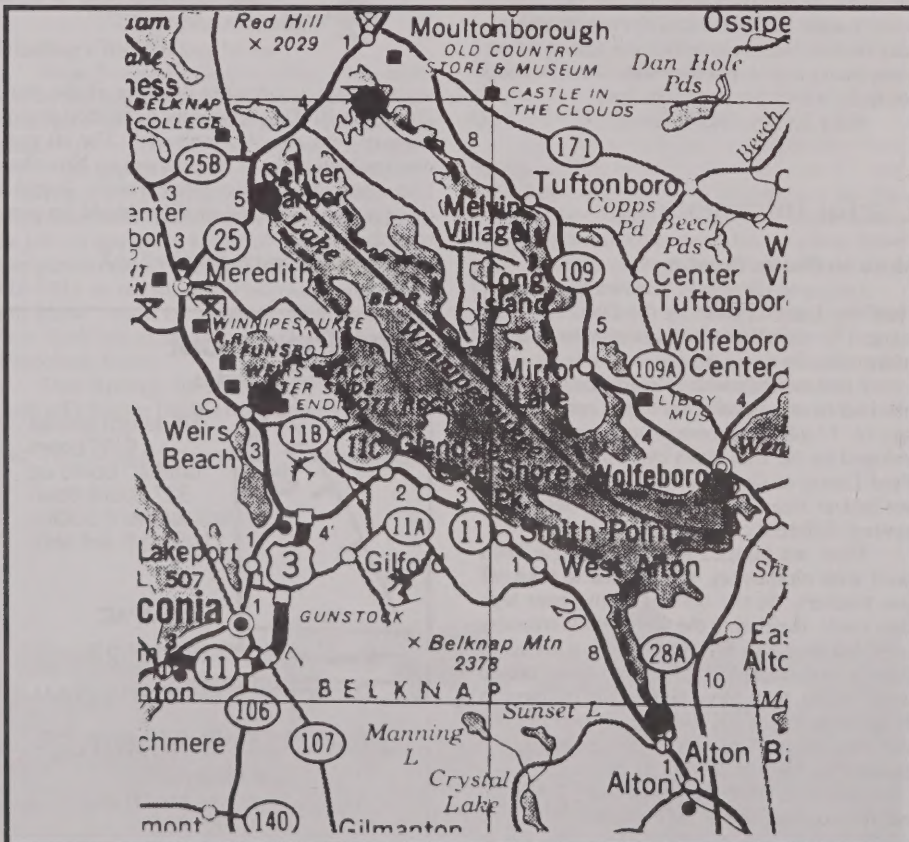
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



Intrusive condos near Meredith on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.



A view towards Center Harbor on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.



Three Lakes . . . Three Worlds

By Reinhard Zollitsch

There comes a point in every canoeist's life when you feel you have done enough small stream, river, and pond paddling and are yearning for a more open horizon to canoe into. If you are not quite ready to venture out into the bights and bays of our New England coast, or take on some stretch of the Maine Island Trail, what about our big lakes?

Trust me, they are challenging enough for an intermediate and even expert paddler and will teach you all you want to know in the boat set-up and handling department, as well as teach you to be prudent. But best of all, they are beautiful, majestic, and beg to be circumnavigated. What an opportunity, what a trip! You can go for 100+ miles without a car shuttle. Put-in and take-out are the same. Great for a small group, ideal for a solo paddler. So, where do we go?

I thought it might be interesting to do one big lake each in New Hampshire, Maine, and New Brunswick, and find out how Maine and its neighbors to the west and east are treating their biggest or most popular lake. (Sorry, once a teacher, always a teacher. I can't just bang around a lake or down a river without having something for my mind to work on.) Here is what I found out. The choice of lake in New Hampshire was easy. Even before the movie *What about Bob?* I wanted to canoe around this wonderfully lobed lake surrounded by mountain ranges on all sides. Just studying the map (and there is a very good one from deLorme) you get real excited and you can't wait for school to let out to pack your gear.

Middle of May is a good time on Lake Winnepesaukee. The vacation season has not really started yet, I am told. So I packed my 16' open Wenonah canoe, an old solo whitewater racing canoe that can handle waves and has plenty of volume to carry my gear and still is efficient to paddle. My personal note is a skeg rudder, an idea I borrowed from Olympic style racing kayaks. (Parts are also easily available for do-it-yourself installment.)

Full of anticipation, I put in at Alton hoping to find four ideal overnight campsites with a view on my four-and-a-half day, 100-mile clockwise circumnavigation.

The lake and its backdrop were just as breathtaking as my map suggested. Big open stretches, wooded islands, inlets, and bays, and always mountains in the background. A closer look, however, towards the immediate shore I was paddling past, revealed a completely different picture. From Alton all the way up to Meredith and on around to Center Harbor, real estate agencies must have bought up the shore. Except for small stretches of natural shore, most of the shoreline was wall-to-wall condos.

I must admit, most were the well-designed expensive kind that appeal to affluent city folks on vacation. But nevertheless they are condos, timeshare apartments, and marinas, all the "private, keep out, no trespassing" kind. No way to land for me, no place to pitch my little Timberline tent. Where were the public campsites anyway? My map did not show them and I did not find a single suitable

spot. So I hid in a corner of Weirs Beach near the entrance to Paus Bay for the first night, then just outside of Center Harbor.

My third night I spent way up in Moultonborough Bay on a tiny piece of real estate I had to share with a beaver, and my fourth night on a small beach just outside of Wolfboro. I felt I was the only canoe on the lake, causing problems for all the many motor boaters in their high-powered speedsters, all the way up to offshore racing boats. I had the distinct feeling of being unwelcome on this lake.

From a canoe camper's point of view, this lake was gone. The surrounding communities must have decided to cater to the new kind of vacationer, the condo power-person who brings lots of money to the community. This may be the way of the future, it may be progress, but I hate to see it happen. It's the end of an era. So I sadly packed up my gear and left for Lake Sebago in Maine.

Lake Sebago in Maine is not the biggest lake, but it is the most popular, most populous, and most accessible lake, and therefore would be a better comparison with New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee, than say Moosehead, Flagstaff, or the Rangeley Lakes. It's only 50 miles around, half the distance, but one big chunk of a lake. Only Raymond Neck and Frye Island jut into the lake from the north like a crooked finger flicking a crumb off a big round picnic table. The rest of the shore has few bights and sheltering islands. It can, therefore, get very windy and rough on this lake, and one should not attempt to cross it in a small boat.

Since there is a state park with ample camping facilities near shore on the NNW point of the lake, I decided to put in at the Sebago Lake boat launch near Route #237 at the south end of the lake. The 20-odd miles north following the western shore of the lake are quite different from Lake Winnepesaukee. It isn't wilderness, but it isn't condo-land either. It seems to be frozen in time, as in the movie, *Back to the Future*.

It still looks like the early '60s, when I first came to Maine, white clapboard family camps with some modest additions like skylights, sun decks, and docks all made of pressure treated wood. But expensive vacation condos are rare and on a much smaller scale than on Lake Winnepesaukee.

While I was not impressed with Birch Island near South Casco, which is chock full of house trailers for rent, I like that the town of Raymond, the biggest community along the lake, is neatly tucked away and by no means overpowers the landscape. Even the marinas are out of sight from the lake traveler like me. The view around the lake is not as spectacular as Lake Winnepesaukee, but from the eastern shore I got a great view of the distant, still snowclad, White Mountains.

All in all, Sebago does not seem to have changed much, but I am sure the old-timers of the lake would not agree with that. (If they want to see what it could have been, let them look at Lake Winnepesaukee.)

After two-and-a-half days on the lake, I was back in my trusty VW Golf to look at New Brunswick's biggest set of lakes, the Chiputneticook Lakes along the American/Canadian border. But for variety's sake I decided not to go around these lakes, but rather follow the St. Croix River for 125 miles from North Lake through Grand Lake and Spednic



Camping out at Sebago Lake State Park, Maine.

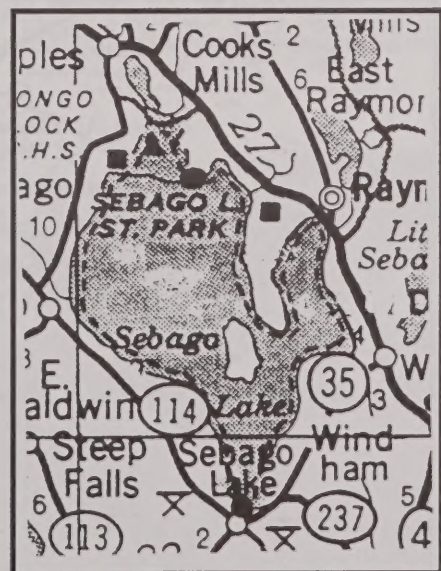


Put-in on North Lake, St. Croix River, New Brunswick.

and all the way down the St. Croix to its mouth at Lubec/Campobello Island; in other words, follow that squiggly line, our eastern-most international border.

What a different world from both Lake Winnepesaukee and Sebago Lake I found here. While Lake Winnepesaukee reflected the ultra modern vacation world for city dwellers, and Sebago Lake tried to maintain its family weekend camp character of the '50s or '60s, the Chiputneticook Lakes, on the other hand, took me back to what I picture early pioneer days must have looked like. There were no condos anywhere, some very small communities here and there, mostly on the American side, but mostly isolated fishing camps on the Canadian side.

In the middle of Spednic Lake, near Drykai Island, I could not see any sign of human habitation, no houses, no shacks, no boat-houses, no docks, nothing. No skill-saw or chainsaw, no logging equipment, no dog barking, no music, no kids screaming, no sound other than the swish of my paddle and the constant splash of my bow dividing the waters. An eagle soared over its (protected) nest on Ned Island. What an experience, what a special moment in time.





View from Birch Island down Spednic Lake, New Brunswick.



While Lake Winnepesaukee sported the biggest and fastest powerboats imaginable, with names like *Exterminator* and *Thunderbolt*, Lake Sebago had somewhat older and distinctly less powerful boats that could pull a water skier or take the family out for a spin and a picnic; you know, boats like the old lapstrake Grady/White. The boats on the Chiputneticook Lakes, however, were mostly lake canoes, canvas over wood with a square transom, green, of course, for fishing.

While the boaters and people around the Chiputneticook Lakes were very interested in my solo canoe and asked very technical questions about my rudder and other features on my canoe, the Sebago people I met mostly nodded, waved, and smiled smugly, saying that they would not be caught out there in that wind without a motor. Winnepesaukee boaters I did not really hear over the roar of their engines, but their gestures and body language did not sound too happy to me because they had to slow down in order not to swamp my canoe. I was definitely in their way, a nuisance and a thorn in their precious fun time, a black fly in their ointment. One thing is sure, I would not want to be on this lake in a canoe at the height of the summer season.

One early summer I paddled three lakes and ended up experiencing three different worlds: the Chiputneticook Lakes reflected a time you hear about in stories from your grandparents or read about, a world as intact as it ever was (including insects), with hunters and fishermen going about their business quietly. Lake Sebago, to a large extent, still reflects the world of our childhood, the time when people invented leisure time and weekend family retreats.

As for Lake Winnepesaukee, even though you can still find the beauty of a large lake surrounded by an impressive silhouette of mountains, this lake community seems to have decided to cater to transient, affluent, mostly city vacationers, most of the shoreline has been taken over by real estate developers. Condo complexes are the dominant feature of the lake shore. Public access is minimal, overnight campsites, such as those on Spednic, are non-existent.

In a nutshell: Winnepesaukee is a lake to have canoed, Lake Sebago you would not mind revisiting, but you cannot wait to get back to Spednic. Three big lakes in three adjoining states/provinces, and they could not be more different.

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"Beesqui, m'sieur, you please beesqui?"
 "Cigarette, s'il vous plait, cigarette, cigarette?"

It was some such chorus as this that aroused us that first morning at Roscoff. Shrill and insistent and repeated ad infinitum, it emanated from a dozen tousled little heads that packed the companionway and jostled each other for an intimate view of the mad foreigners.

"Cute little devils," I thought as we turned out, dressed, and ate our breakfast under a barrage of excited comment and insistent pleading for "beesqui" and cigarettes. Although usually tolerant in my judgment of the conduct of others, I did feel that the tender age of four to seven was too young for cigarettes, but when a generous handout of "beesqui" (sea biscuits) only served to attract other and equally ravenous visitors, I dropped both descriptive adjectives. From then on they were just plain devils. But you can't be too hard on a regular kid, and during our three days at Roscoff they had the run of the ship.

Although the weather was gray and dreary, the town that had seemed so melancholy the night before took on an entirely different aspect in the morning. The buildings seemed less drab and the people more alive. After all, Brittany is a corner of France, and no part of France could be dull or uninteresting. Furthermore, Roscoff proved to be something of a summer resort and, while not exactly a Trouville, the hotels and bathing beach, in spite of the lateness of the season, added a bit of life and color to the gray little town. But there was none of the garish artificiality that seems a part of most summer resorts the world over, and those who come to Roscoff come because of a love of its native quaintness.

Among those who spend the summer months on the coast of Brittany are M. and Mme. Chaumier of Paris, and while the skipper was ashore wandering about the town to avoid the curious visitors who were increasing in numbers as the news of *Typhoon's* arrival spread through the village, these people came aboard and left an invitation for me to look in on them at Les Capucins.

What Les Capucins might be, I hadn't the slightest idea, but I went straightway and discovered one of the most delightful places on the coast of France. Originally a monastery built by the Capuchin monks, the place, with its extensive grounds walled in in the French manner, had been taken over by M. Chaumier

The Track of the Typhoon

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter VII Crossing the Bay of Biscay

and converted into a villa with every appointment of a modern country home.

There were tennis courts and wines and American cigarettes and the largest fig tree in the world. The grim forbidding walls that were built to cloister somber monks were softened by vines and flowers that were a symbol of the happiness and kindly hospitality of two people who unwittingly had come closer to the true spirit of Christianity than the venerable brotherhood that they succeeded.

And there was a guest from London, a Miss Enid Guest, to be exact, who knew my good friend, Miss M. Czaplicka, the Oxford ethnologist and explorer, and so I was convinced that blundering into a little niche in a rock-bound coast was right and proper and just as it should have been. Always pretty strong for blundering, I have now become convinced that it is the only policy. Never have I been able to plan for myself better than chance has done it for me.

On the second day, the wind held westerly and we were easily convinced that little would be gained trying to beat to Ushant against it, and so the Chaumiers and all their friends took me for a tramp along the cliffs that skirt the coast. There were quaint farms where respectful, God-fearing peasants eke out

a difficult existence. The air was rich with the smell of burning peat and the downs were bright with purple heather.

I like the heather, the weather-beaten kind that scorns the easy lowlands and clings to rocky, wind swept crags. There's character in such a flower. With the agility of the elusive mountain goat, and at great sacrifice of editorial dignity, the skipper gathered great bunches of heather from inaccessible places, and later lost his reputation for physical prowess by being soundly beaten at tennis by the lady from London.

Mme. Chaumier spoke quaint, delightful English, and her husband made up for his inability to handle the language by constantly running off to reappear with American cigarettes or dusty bottles of old wine. No wonder then that we again called off our plan to sail the following day, Sunday, September 5, on the slim excuse of a headwind, and spent still another day with our friends.

In the meantime, we had an opportunity between visits to look around the town. An interesting and typically Breton institution with which I first became familiar at St. Pierre, Miquelon, was the municipal laundry, an open air stone tank about the size of a swimming pool where the women of the village wash the clothes. Standing each in her own wooden tub, a score of elderly matrons pound away furiously at the family linen laid out on the stone flags about the basin and rinse it in the common pool, a practice delightfully communistic in principle but decidedly at variance with modern ideas of sanitation.

But the thing that impressed me most was the ancient, weather-beaten cathedral. I looked in during the Sunday service and, in the space of a few minutes, got a better idea of what the war had meant to France than by the reading of a dozen books. There were hundreds of black-clad women with the quaint white head-dress that is typical of Brittany, and a few old men also dressed in black, each holding stiffly a low-crowned hat with broad brim and black ribbons hanging down behind. Each reverent pair of shoulders seemed bent not only from a life of physical toil, but with a sorrow that only their church could ease. There was not a young man in the entire congregation.

When at last we were ready to cast off at high tide on Monday noon, September 6, our friends were all on hand to see us off. Carnegie came with a bottle of wine, M. Motz, a young physician from Paris, brought the father of the

At low tide the little French fishing boats sit on the mud. *Typhoon* is alongside the quay at the right.



Our friends of Les Capucins visit the ship.



whole crab family, a kind American lady, whose name I have forgotten, brought a basket of fruit, and the Chaumiers came loaded with interesting packages for the entire personnel.

The wind was WxN and strong enough to warrant leaving the double reef in the mainsail. Hoisting the jib, we let *Typhoon* pay off from the quay, and then hoisted all sail and worked our way out beyond the harbor lights. During low tide we had studied the character of the harbor bottom and its range marks, and we were able to sail out smartly without hitting any of the numerous submerged mountain ranges. Once outside the harbor we held her close-hauled just to clear Ile de Batz, and streamed the taffrail log.

At the risk of boring a large percentage of the readers, I am going to run in extracts from the log occasionally, for I know there are at least a few enthusiasts who are strong for detail.

2:00 PM: Log 6.25 miles. Came about on starboard tack heading SW.

3:00: Log 11.5 miles. Ile de Batz light abeam. Sun coming out.

4:00: Log 15 miles. Running through fleet of little fishing craft with red sails, close in to a rock-strewn coast with beautiful sandy beach beyond. Came about. Course N1/4W.

4:10: Caught good-sized mackerel on trolling spoon and started fire in Shipmate in anticipation of crab and fish dinner.

4:30: Came about. Log fouled with fish line and not working since 4:00 PM.

5:00: Log 18 miles. Caught another fish of some strange local brand.

5:15: Tacked again close in to rocky coast. Another mackerel.

5:40: Ile de Batz lighthouse fading astern.

6:00: Log 21 miles. Came about and stood in again for fish.

7:00: Log 26 miles. Tacked again. Dinner of crabmeat and *vin rouge*, with which we drank the health of our Roscoff friends.

8:00: Log 28.25 miles. Tacked. Course WSW. Vierge's five-second flash visible occasionally through the mist and rain about three points off starboard bow.

9:00: Log 30 miles. Came about. Course N.

11:00: Log 36 miles. Change course to WSW. Fresh breeze.

12:00: Log 40 miles. Tacked to N1/2E. Drizzle. No lights visible.

Tuesday, September 7:

1:00 AM: Log 41 miles. Tacked to WSW.

2:00: Log 44 miles. Wind dead.

2:15: Sheeted all sail flat to prevent slatting. All hands below.

4:00: Went on deck. Both Ile de Batz and Vierge lights visible for a while. Hardly steerage way.

9:00: Cooked breakfast of fish, bacon, and tea (concession to English contingent). Slatting about in oily ground swell. Too thick to see land, although we must be only a few miles from Vierge, the tall lighthouse which was visible for a while in the morning. Charles "out of the picture" due to the swell. Pumped up pressure to 150 pounds and tried to start motor, without results.

12:00 M: Still slatting. Weather too thick for noon latitude sight. Visibility 1100 yards.

3:30 PM: Sun breaking through. Heavy ground swell from NW indicates that we will soon get wind. Lashed booms to rigging to prevent slatting and just have steerage way.

4:00: Time sight for longitude. Chronometer 3 hr. 47 min. 29 sec. Observed altitude $27^{\circ} 41' 30''$. Longitude from above $4^{\circ} 27'$.

5:10: Light on Vierge visible again, just about where it was before. If anything we have lost a bit. Longitude of Vierge from light list is $4^{\circ} 34'$. It bears SWxS about 4 miles, so that our longitude by observation $4^{\circ} 27'$ is not more than about 2 miles off, which proves that chronometer rate is not far out.

7:40: Light breeze springs up from N. Drizzle. Course WxN. Several flashing lights at entrance to L'Aber-Vrace on port beam. Vierge scarcely visible through drizzle on port quarter.

12:00: Log 46.85. The end of another blue day.

Deleted paragraph of purely personal and highly colored opinions on oil motors.

Wednesday, September 8: Barograph high and steady. No wind but less ground swell makes life a bit more tolerable.

3:00 AM: Steamers passing close aboard. Vierge 5-second flash bears SSE. A light (probably Ile de Batz) dying out astern. Another flash every 5 seconds bears SWxS.

3:30: Drizzle with fog which cuts out everything but Vierge, a faint glow.

6:00: Log 48.5 miles. Clearing.

7:00: Log 48.6. Barely steerage way.

8:00: Flat oily calm. During the morning we shot a mess of puffins or gullymonts, which I took for bull birds like those found off the Newfoundland coast. They have small wings and resemble penguins. Fox goes overboard and retrieves them.

12:00 M: Log 49.0 miles. Faint breeze from NE gradually freshening until at 2:00 PM we are doing 21/2 to 3 knots.

2:50 PM: Fog suddenly envelops us, shutting out Vierge, for which the Lord be praised, as we have been within 6 miles of it for 43 hours. Hell, as we had occasion to observe once before, is paved with glassy ground swells.

3:30: Clear and sunny again. Doing about 4 knots.

5:00: Log 57.5. Fog shutting in. Fog horn bellowing somewhere off port beam. Decide to go outside Ushant, as the channel inside the island is a ticklish one, even in clear weather.

5:30: Rocks visible for a moment far off port bow, bearing SW, and we head for them so as to get a departure from something definite.

6:45: Several islands appear in sky and rapidly join together into rocky land as fog thins for a few minutes. Suddenly two powerful flashes pierce the clouds far up above us, and soon the black-and-white striped shaft of a towering lighthouse takes form through the murk, almost close enough to hit with the proverbial biscuit. We have gone farther than we thought, due to a favorable tide. Those rocks we saw were actually Ushant, and we nearly ran down the light on the western end of the Island, which stands 223 feet high and is visible 21 miles in clear weather. There can be

Dorsett and Fox scrubbing the bottom at low tide.



Slipping out of Roscoff Harbor at high tide.



no doubt of the identity of the light, for her two flashes every 10 seconds and the siren at 2-minute intervals coincide with the description in the light list. Fortunately we have cleared Ushant instead of hitting inside it, for this is the worst spot on the entire French coast to be mixed up with in thick weather.

7:20: Picked up red flash of La Jumentie on the south side of Ushant. Roar of surf brought to us by the wind, which is now over the quarter.

7:40: Squared away 220° (magnetic) for Cape Ortegal on the point of Spain, 300 miles across the Bay of Biscay.

8:00: Log 65.75 miles. Wind directly astern. Running wing-and-wing before it with mizzen boom lashed to shroud, so that in yawing we can favor the mainsail without running a chance of jibing mizzen. Below reading E.F. Knight's *Cruise of the Alert*, in which he tells of taking practically the same route from the Solent to Finisterre on his treasure-hunting cruise from England to the island of Trinidad.

12:00: Log 78.35. Wind shifting to E. Glass dropping slowly. A tanker bound up channel passes within 100 yards of us. Porpoises jumping all about us and blowing like a school of punctured tires.

The run across the Bay of Biscay was uneventful except for a bit of a blow on the night of September 9. The notorious bay certainly did not live up to its bad reputation. This was really my first opportunity to try out my powers as a navigator, for Casey Baldwin had done most of the heavy navigating on the way over, and for this reason I decided to lay a course for Cape Ortegal, which is the northernmost point of Spain, rather than for Finisterre, which is somewhat farther east.

This would permit of a bad landfall without much possibility of missing the coast of Spain entirely. The Reynolds current that sweeps in around the point of the Spanish peninsula would tend to set us to the eastward, but I decided to hold for Ortegal even at the risk of a bit of coastwise work at the other end which, after all, would be interesting. The most possible town indicated on our general chart was Ferrol, which seemed to be on a sort of indentation a third of the way from Ortegal to Finisterre.

I knew nothing of Ferrol and the chart certainly did not enlighten me, but at any rate the town seemed to be near the coast and looked like the logical place to put in for provisions for the run to the Azores. Originally I had thought of following down the coast to Lisbon, Portugal, which is in practically the same latitude as the Azores, and hopping across from there, but this was now out of the question. There was no time to travel two sides of a triangle when the hypotenuse would do.

Thursday, September 9: Beautiful sunny day. Light breeze from NE. Course SW1/2S.

1:00 AM: Log 82.55 miles. Lights of Ushant dropping below horizon.

3:00: Several steamers passing. Ushant light just visible from cabin top. Bearing ENE1/2E.

4:00: Log 92.05 miles.

6:00: Log 102.0 miles.

8:00: Log 111.0 miles.

10:00: Log 118.25 miles. Glass still dropping slowly.

12:00 M: Log 123.15 miles. Day's run 74.15 nautical miles. Wind dying. Observed altitude 47° 24' 30". Latitude from above 47°

43' 26".

2:00 PM: Log 127 miles. Doused mizzen and set spinnaker. Changed course to SW1/2W.

4:00: Log 131.75. Observed altitude 19° 37' 0". Chronometer 4 hr. 42 min. 37 sec. Longitude from above 5° 40' W.

6:00: Log 141.95 miles.

8:00: Log 154.55 miles. Doing about 7 knots.

10:00: Log 166.15 miles. School of porpoises close aboard.

12:00: Log 176.35 miles.

Friday, September 10: Cloudy. Wind still astern. Barometer rising rapidly. Course SW.

2:00 AM: Log 186.75 miles.

4:00: Log 198.25 miles.

8:00: Log 221.45 miles. Cloudy. Drizzle.

9:00: Log 227.35 miles. Rain stopped.

Wind falling and hauling a bit east. Barograph straightening out.

10:00: Log 233.15 miles.

10:35: Tack fitting on spinnaker boom carries away. Took in spinnaker and jibed as wind is nearly east. Raised mizzen.

12:00 M: Log 245.75 miles. Day's run, 122.6 nautical miles. Noon sight: observed altitude 48° 33' 40". Latitude from above 46° 11' 27".

4:00 PM: Log 268.75 miles. Longitude sight: observed altitude 26° 26', 30". Chronometer, 4 hr. 8 min. 26 sec. Longitude from above 7° 10' W. Find we are a bit too far west and alter course to SWx S1/2S (steering compass).

6:00: Log 283 miles. Blowing pretty hard. Propeller starts to spin due to drag of water.

6:30: Put a double reef in the mainsail.

8:00: WWN on wheel from 8:00 PM to 12:00 and drove her in the hope of getting in before Saturday night. Seas came over occasionally. One sea doused me and put out lantern and binnacle lamp. Sailed by the stars for hour-and-a-half. Clear and noticeably warmer and, though wet, not uncomfortable.

12:00: Log 326.75 miles. Turned her over to Fox and doused mizzen. Motion easier, although it's still coming over. One sea goes clean over the mizzen boom, which is in its crutch. New experience for Fox, who takes it stoically.

Saturday, September 11: Bright, sunny day. Wind SE, moderate. Barograph dropping gradually.

10:00 AM: Shook out double reef in mainsail and hoisted mizzen.

12:00 M: Log 390.75. Day's run 145 nautical miles. Noon sight: Observed altitude 15° 13' 00". Latitude from above 44° 19' 11", which is about 22 miles north of latitude of Estaca Point.

2:00 PM: Log 399.35 miles. Wind dying out.

4:00: Log 401.65 miles. No wind. Longitude 8° 0' 0", which puts us exactly on our course and about 10 miles off land.

6:00: Log 403.25 miles. Becalmed. Had a drink to cheer up and ate a leisurely supper, including some of Gilbert Fairchild's Dasheen chips, a new vegetable that the Department of Agriculture is introducing. Flattened in all sails and lashed blocks to travelers to prevent slatting.

Got underway several times during the night, but hardly worth while.

Sunday, September 12: Foggy. Barograph going up like a stepladder.

2:30 AM: Breeze springs up from S and after a while settles to WxS. Course due S.

8:50: Strange ketch rigged craft looms up through fog, dead ahead, bound E, a husky double-enders like some of the Scandinavian craft with white top stralies and brown sides. Carrying everything she has, dirty white sails wing and wing, topsails and brown square sail. Soon lost in fog.

9:10: Fox on watch yells, "Land on starboard bow!" As we approach cautiously, this proves to be a rocky promontory with the swell breaking into fantastic lacework along the base, which is abrupt and apparently without outlying rocks. As we approach, a plateau takes form with the silhouette of a solitary horse grazing on the skyline and on beyond to port, a cove with romantic yellow sandy beach, just visible through the fog. Off farther to port, a small rocky island and later high mountains beyond. Stood in to about 300 yards from point and came about on port tack, to beat along within sight of the coast until we identify something to give us our position. No large scale charts. Not an advisable way to explore a foreign coast, but lots of fun.

Our Roscoff friends came down to the quay to see us off.





Typhoon's track from Cowes to Roscoff and thence across the Bay of Biscay to the point of the Spanish Peninsula.

10:00: Pass close to another headland, a mountain much larger than the first. Beyond it stretches a yellow beach, behind which are sandy hills with strange trees standing out along the skyline. More like a picture by Zuloaga than sunny Spain as Sorolla would paint it. Three little boats put out from some hole in the rocks. They seem to be rigged with lateen or dipping lug rigs.

10:10: Rain and increasing wind but sea smooth in the lee of the land. Mountains visible to the eastward over our first headland make it look tiny in comparison.

12:00 noon: Log 430.75 miles. Day's run 67.25 nautical miles. Rounded a headland 1000 feet high and stood into another little cove. Beautiful patchwork of cultivated fields

stretching up to the sky behind sandy beach with a group of people, tiny and motionless, evidently astonished at apparition of foreign craft.

2:00 PM: Stood in again to another sandy beach, rounding a tall mountain the sides of which are cultivated down to the very cliffs and the tops lost in drifting clouds of fog. Ahead of us several stucco buildings with red roofs, and on a ridge a silhouetted line of tall trees with slender trunks and full tops like palms. Even phlegmatic Charles is moved to enthusiasm by the sight.

3:30: Slow work tacking around point. Several big seagoing yawls, topsail schooners and a steamship rounding the cape, cutting it close as if coming from a harbor on the other

side.

4:45: Cleared the point, a tall rocky promontory with a lighthouse perched up 300 feet above the sea. The top of the mountain is serrated into shapes like the proverbial castles in Spain. In all probability it is Cape Prior, and if so our landfall was practically perfect.

5:00: More small fishing craft with dipping lug rigs and red and white sails.

As the night was likely to be thick, we put into a small bight and anchored in the lee of another rocky headland, where a couple of fishing boats were hard at work hauling nets. Had a difficult hour trying to find out where we are. Ferrol seems to be farther along the coast, but how far we were unable to determine by the sign language.

In the evening a dozen fishermen and boys came aboard with all sorts of interesting tributes, including gigantic lobsters and crawfish as long as a man's arm and a curious sort of shellfish that grows in clusters on the rocks, also some *viño*, which is similar to the French *vin rouge*. These well-meaning visitors insisted on our boiling the shellfish, which are funny little heart-shaped, clam-like creatures with long necks by which they attach themselves to the rocks, or to the bottom of your boat if you stay for any length of time at anchor in Spanish waters.

We boiled and ate them according to instructions which were given in pantomime. Since we could not understand their Spanish, they assumed that we were hard of hearing, and all carried on a running fire of conversation at the top of their lungs.

Knowing Casey would have approved such hospitality, we treated our visitors to some of his Canadian rye in exchange for the *viño tinto*, but had occasion to regret this exceedingly, for the entire company, not being used to concentrated beverages of this kind, over-estimated their capacity and went to sleep, necessitating considerable physical and moral persuasion to get them safely aboard their own boats at midnight.

Monday, September 13: Wind SW, foggy, with occasional showers.

8:30 AM: Get underway and beat down the coast past several groups of small fishing boats, each with its sail furled on the long yard that is hoisted up on the stocky mast above the heads of the fishermen. The boats seem to be anchored and are constantly disappearing behind the long swells.

12:00 M: Log 448.75. Fog shuts in thick and blots out cliffs. Wind dies, leaving us slatting again on a glassy swell.

2:00 PM: "San Carlos" of Santana, a trim little steam packet, comes up out of the fog, exchanges salutes and offers us a tow into Ferrol, which we refuse with thanks. A light breeze from the west gives us steerage way and the tops of the cliff, and later the surf breaking 50' to 60' up the bases of them, are visible through the fog. This is the "Death Coast," and it's well-named.

3:00 PM: Fog shuts in again, but finally we get a steady westerly breeze and round a tall rocky point, halfway up which clings a little lighthouse evidently marking the entrance to Ferrol. Beyond the point, a wonderful fiord opens out ahead of us with gently sloping mountains on either side, the tops of which are still shrouded in clouds of fog which follow down some of the valleys almost to the water's edge.

Gaining speed before a freshening westerly breeze, we sailed for several miles through the most picturesque body of water we had ever seen. Cultivated patchwork fields extended up the less barren slopes and were lost in the clouds and on either side, at points of vantage, were the remains of ancient Spanish fortresses. We overhauled several of the little fishing craft bound home after a day outside and had a chance to study them at close range.

They are double-enders with a pronounced reverse curve to the sections at either end, giving them very fine hollow waterlines, but extremely full deck lines. The curved

stem extends nearly a foot above the sheerline and the rudder is hung on the stern post. As we neared Ferrol, we met another of these boats rowed by women singing a rollicking Spanish song as they bent to the oars.

Racing along past a jolly, rambling old fort with battlements and stone sentry boxes at the corners on the port hand, and another more modern and less interesting one to port, we shot into the Harbor of Ferrol, a vast basin sparkling in the sunlight, alive with a myriad craft, all save the fighting ships busy on some useful errand. Passing the Spanish Navy close aboard, we dipped our ensign, roused the

sleepers into life, and received a belated salute from both (I should say all) of the ships, for His Majesty's Navy, while it isn't much to look at, still numbers several vessels of assorted periods. And Ferrol is the home of the Spanish Navy.

Beating smartly up to the town we dropped the hook near the quay and right under the walls of the ancient dockyard where Philip the Second built the ill-fated Spanish Armada that sailed from Ferrol in 1588 and met disaster at the hands of Drake off the Isle of Wight. The log showed that we had traveled 455 nautical miles from Roscoff.

(To Be Continued)

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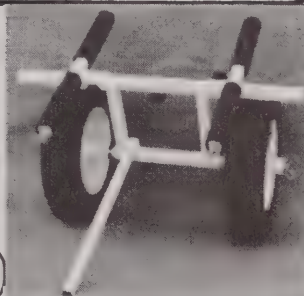


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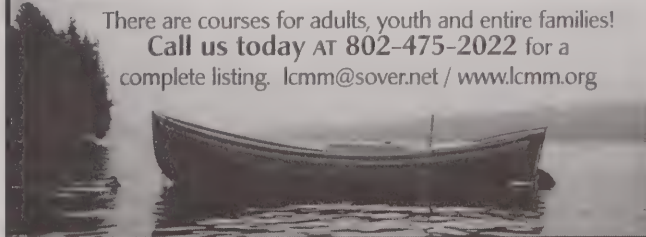
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Sparkle, Sound Interclub, 1925, 28 feet
Hope, a classic Chesapeake deadrise, 26 feet
Chic, Gaff-Topsail Sloop, circa 1890, 13 feet
Absolutely, Bahamian Dinghy
A Pulling Boat
Swampscot Dory
International 14
Rhodes 19
Kayak
Sunfish
And other assorted wooden craft.
Seventeen bags of sails in the loft.
A boat shop filled with rudders, fittings, line,
nails, paint.

I sold some boats, donated others,
Gave away, burned,
Until they were gone.
The sails went to a broker.
The shop remained.
I wanted to use it
As a studio for my painting,
But my son said it was
Perfect as it was, filled
With all that gear.

A Modest Proposal - 1

Being a Notion that Seemed to Create Itself As the Result of a Bit Of Reading Attending the Keel-Laying Ceremony of the *Amistad* at Mystic Seaport Last Spring and Getting Involved in a Bit Of Sail Training Education this Summer

By Tim Weaver



Driving home from work on a lazy mid-fall day, following back roads, watching the leaves swirl, bumping along in the late afternoon sun, I wasn't aware that the interview on National Public Radio with Mark Kurlansky, author of *Cod* and native of a nearby town, was about to send me down paths that led to what's written here. It was a case of one thing leading to another, and sometimes there's a notion to things.

So if you like boats, can take your history straight, and have an interest in the currents of daily life, perhaps you'll find *A Modest Proposal* interesting. Give the piece room to meander and come about in its own time, like a boat that's helping you pass a decent afternoon, taking you places you've been before but in a different sort of way, and you're bound to count the time well spent.

Let's start with *Cod*. It's one of those books that does what few books concerning American history can do: opens the door to the America of 1500, 1600 and 1700, a door that gets behind 1800, that gives one an inkling of how things were centered long ago, its economic geometry. And it does so in a way that leaves lots of questions and light at the end of the tunnel. For myself it turned in the direction of the history of the Atlantic (Who needed all those fish, anyway?), and that turned me in a direction that led toward a more complete understanding of American history.

After *Cod*, I got into Johnson's new book, *A History of the American People*, Hugh Thomas's book, *The Slave Trade*, and a book in its sixth printing and first written in the 1960's, *Before the Mayflower*, a *History of Black America* by Lerone Bennett Jr. The last mentioned is a book from within the Afro-American cultural perspective and is very interesting reading.

After that, and a few more books, and some work on the Internet (The Museum of

Slavery of the Atlantic and a Juneteenth site displaying Tom Feeling's paintings, *The Middle Passage: White Ships/Black Cargoes* were very fine) and bit more library searching, I ran across *Black Jacks*. *Black Jacks* tends to begin about 1750. It, along with *Before the Mayflower*, provides an American perspective, it walks the path of *Before the Mayflower* in some ways. It's book devoted to survival. Then there is *Africa and Africans in the Making of the Atlantic World 1400-1800* by John Thornton. This last is a book that tends to keep the reading in perspective, underlines what's at stake. It is a carefully thought out, quiet book.

About the time I was beginning to understand these things, I saw the movie, *Amistad*, and it wasn't a month before seeing the movie that I'd run into the Feeling's paintings, with an introductory text at a Juneteenth site on the Internet. The flashback to the Middle Passage experience of the men and woman shackled on the *Amistad* is what stayed with me. There the sick, the weak, the injured, the least valuable cargo in the eyes of the slaver's captain, were being thrown over the side, shackled to old chain.

And I thought of the introduction to Feeling's paintings, of how the introduction spoke of those times, of sharks, massed, that followed those ships, that picked them up as they met the long Atlantic roll and dropped the West African coast astern. And alone in the Atlantic, and for its breath, the sharks ate men, the newborn, the women, the children. And they did this for over four hundred years.

And remembering some more, I thought of the introduction's mention of the writings of Captain John Newton, and Newton's sentence, "Every morning, perhaps, more instances than one are found of the living and the dead fastened together." For four hundred years. Those two facts from the introduction

to Feeling's pictures summed up all I'd read. There was no poetic license, no overstatement, no exaggeration.

Sometimes the reading made me stop, it took time to realize its scope, to give an understanding to the numbers, the years, the nations involved, to see it for what it was. And to realize how much it is a story of the Atlantic and all its shores, and how very unique it is. It is not North American history, or Central, or South American history, it is an immense element in a history born of European Atlantic commercial expansion. It is four hundred years of steady commercial use of disenfranchised individuals to bear the burden of the commercial exploitation of newly found lands. It was a way of life for half a millennium. Just the number of ships and their voyages involved in the Middle Passage is staggering. That alone was a culture and way of life unto itself.

I gradually realized I was looking at a pan-Atlantic culture born out of a 400 year old African Diaspora with only the last fifty years of the Diaspora occurring *before* the American Civil War. And 1600 to 1750, the years of slavery's huge commercial success, were years that correspond with the early American colonial period, a key period in the formation of cultural attitudes concerning Africans in North America. And that these are attitudes that mix the concept of slavery with that of race, or put another way, of disenfranchisement (and its child, impoverishment) with that of race.

And finally, that these attitudes, and they are attitudes that include the marginally employed, are the major building blocks of the large inner city ghettos that are part of our life. The past is the present, firmly based on the transfer of 8 million, that's the low figure, to 15 or 18 million people, that's the higher figure, from the other side of the Atlantic. It is firmly based in the fact that this forced immigration was essentially of only one race.

And from these elements come the central wound of that past: a largely unconscious, near timeless view of one race as inferior to others, therefore exploitable, therefore not human beings, not equals amongst their fellow men, not seriously within the context that preaches "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." And it is still with us today. And this is one terrible gift from the old world to the new, one of the great stumbling blocks of America's march toward its ideal.

I am aware that the subject is a good bit more complex, but to detail it, even in a moderate way almost changes the focus of the piece. In an earlier draft I wrote:

And it was about here that I began to lose my bearings, couldn't see the context of things, how one thing led to another. First there is little going on in the way of slavery in Europe, at least at the time of early Portuguese exploration along the coast of Africa, then comes this massive unrelenting Atlantic activity. What were its roots? So it was off to the library. Just some general history reading.

Turns out the history of slavery is so common, so universal in ancient and Roman times that it is just considered the way cultures, kingdoms function, as implicit to the glory of Greece as to that of Rome. And beyond the Roman Empire, into the Dark Age of Europe, it's another given. Conquer, pillage, enslave. Fact is the serfs of Europe were slaves freed with no place to go. A freed slave becomes a

bound-over serf. It appears that all of Europe and the Mediterranean shores were long used to a social order based on a completely disenfranchised class of people. Serfdom being the latest twist in those old days.

But slavery, though not the force it once was, was still around, mostly centered on Mediterranean shores. It was to be Mediterranean financing Portuguese interests that were to get the whole sugar cane business going. Sugar cane goes to the very root of Atlantic slavery. And almost by accident, too. Most likely a by-product of European interests trying to get to African gold fields, access to which, via North Africa was off limits. In fact Europe was running out of gold as it came out of the Dark Age, and was dependent on gold via North Africa.

So, it was common sense for European trading interests to finance the Portuguese in their explorations of the Atlantic African coast, looking for rivers into the interior. In a sense sugar cane and slavery accidentally fit in, another way to make money while looking for ways to make money. The really sad fact is, slavery was dying out, and had not sugar and slavery been a money maker, the terrible events of the next 450 years might not have happened at all.

But still, underneath the terrible Atlantic activity that was to come was a European and Mediterranean sensibility that saw great numbers of disenfranchised individuals as basic to its comings and goings. It wasn't hard for a Europe with this sort of a sensibility to let slavery off its leash, let it run wild in the pursuit of profit. This Atlantic story has twists and turns. Underneath it all, though, it is based on old, old ways that go to the beginnings of western civilization, there is a continuation of ancient ways here, but this time with a twist, one race becomes the focus of this disenfranchisement.

The truth is, a good part of Europe at one time or another has slavery in its past. In fact a large part of the voluntary Atlantic immigration is going to consist of individuals leaving a world where serfdom was breaking down for a better life than they'd ever known. And in the Thirteen Colonies its all going to flow out of the example of the Mayflower Compact, but from frontier to frontier. Toward freedom. Except for those of African descent. They will be the continuation of an ancient way.

In a sense it really isn't the a story of racial injustice, it's more a vicious twist in the story of injustice. It is the old story of cultures keeping disenfranchised individuals, in vast numbers at its beck and call. It is only the accidents of time, commerce and place that the Atlantic slaves were African. This, though, was one of the most devastating gifts of an old world to the new. And it will run deep in the Atlantic worlds to come.

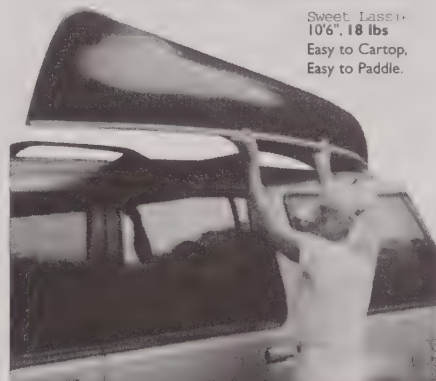
1600 to 1750, the years of slavery's huge commercial success, were to be years that correspond with the early American colonial period, a key period in the formation of cultural attitudes concerning individuals of African descent in North America. And finally, these attitudes, attitudes that mix the concept of slavery with that of race, are a deeply embedded aspect of current cultural problems of intolerance, and, also I believe, of attitudes toward the marginally employed. These are important building blocks of the large inner city ghettos that are part of modern life. The past is firmly anchored in the present . . .

This can lead down very depressing paths, but there is a way out of it. If I remember correctly, at the Museum of Slavery of the Atlantic site on the Internet, a very carefully thought out page goes into the subject of responsibility. And the conclusion is, again if I remember correctly, injustices like slavery are generally optional activities in cultures. Some did, some didn't. It was an individual issue. The same is true of racism, it's got to be. So, education is a mighty sword in the fight for its demise. Our ghettos are ultimately, optional.

(To Be Continued)

Ladies Your Canoe Has Come In !

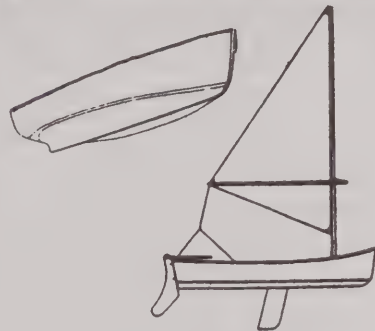
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Upon examination of Monterey fishing boat for repair and restoration, I submit the following report:

Vessel was built in 1904, probably as a Felluca open sailing fisherman. This is borne out by the vertical stern post which carried an outboard rudder. Later, upon the installation of an engine, the deadwood aft was cut away to accommodate the propeller and an inboard rudder. Later models had canoe sterns which were rounded in profile. At some time in the past, the foredeck was raised and the sheer broken to make a raised deck model of this boat. As this was done to many of the Monterey in the 1920s and '30s, it doesn't really detract from the authenticity of the vessel. Originally the power version carried a one cylinder Hicks 5hp engine or a Frisco Standard two cylinder 8hp engine. With either, a realistic 6 to 7 knots was achieved. Present cabin is authentic for the power models. Of course there were many variations.

This boat is not practical, from an economic point of view, to restore. However, from a sentimental, historic and aesthetic approach, she is an exciting project.

Observations: Starting at the stern, the following was observed:

1. In the area of the trolling well, two knees, relics of the open boat, are completely rotted away. Frames in this area, as throughout the boat, have been sistered at least once and often twice, usually in short sections. Most of the original frames in this area are badly rotted. Cedar deck shows fur on underside, indicating a true dry rot. Stern post appears sound.

Monterey Fishing Boat Restoration

Is It worth It?

A Surveyor's Report

By Harry Davis, Marine Surveyor

2. Fish hold ribs show same condition as in trolling well. Generally speaking, ribs show little rot close to and under concrete bilge. Iron fastenings in these two areas, at least, are virtually nonexistent.

3. Engine room, due to tanks etc., difficult to completely examine. Assume similar condition to fish hold.

4. Forward compartment, while showing a great number of sister ribs, mainly to raise sheer, shows far less deterioration than in other areas. Stem is sound. The deck beams here are comparatively new and sound. The deck has opened up in spots due to drying out.

5. Sheer clamps and bilge stringers, while old, appear reasonably sound. Planking as observed is sound. Originally cedar, some fir planking has been installed in repair.

6. Tanks are rusted and should be discarded.

7. Engine a total loss.

Procedures: What we have is a boat held together by her keel, floor timbers, planking and deck beams.

There are enough frames, sister frames and stringers to hold her shape if handled carefully. Remove engine and tanks while in water to eliminate this stress on hull while transporting. If necessary to remove pilot house to accomplish this, do carefully, this is authentic for the 1920 period. Upon haul-out, cradle carefully, and at yard block keel for full support. You are working with an antique.

To facilitate working on the frames, remove the deck planking. Remove rotted deck beams, leaving a beam every 3' more or less to hold shape of boat at deck. If beams too far gone, substitute 2"x 4"s to retain shape.

Now comes the reframing, the most critical part of the whole job. These frames can be sawn out of oak, or steam bent. Originally the frames in this boat were steam bent, and I prefer this approach. A bending table is necessary as well as a steam box and some source of steam. A good solid table, well anchored

with a 3/4" plywood top will probably be sufficient for this; 4'x 5' should be plenty large enough. A large draughtman's flexible curve, while expensive, is a great time saver.

Purchase some green bending oak if possible. If not, air dried, straight grained will have to do. Kiln dried is brittle and will not bend. Dimensions for these frames are about 1-3/8"x 1-3/8". Bend with the flat grain. In this way the fibers will slip as the pages in a phone book do when it is rolled up.

Start at the bulkhead forward of the trolling well. Remove frame and sisters at this point, on both sides. Take a template of the boat's shape at this point. Hopefully both sides will be close. Draw outline on bending table and bolt 2"x 4" blocks 1-3/8" inside this curve, to allow for thickness of frame. Curve contact side of blocks so as not to have any sharp spots for frame to break on. A block at one end, nearest the greatest curve, on the opposite side of the line acts as a lock to bend against.

Good oak should bend well after steaming 20 to 30 minutes per inch of thickness. 1-3/8" should not take more than 40 minutes. This however is merely a guide. Oversteaming will cause wood to become mushy and break. Understeaming, oak is still brittle and will snap, and not hold shape.

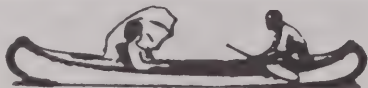
When oak has steamed sufficient time, remove from steam box, use gloves. Hook end behind lock and bend, don't waste time, you have only a couple of minutes. A helper can be applying hot linseed oil to the frame at this time. Heat oil with steam, not flame, it will flash. Clamp where necessary, using only enough pressure to hold. Avoid bruising wood. Allow to set a few minutes or more if possible. Nail a 1"x 2" scrap across bight to hold bend, and remove from table. Repeat for opposite side.

Fit to area, bevelling to fit planks if necessary. Mark location, remove and drill small holes through planking to locate screws from outside. Replace frames, fasten from outside, using 2"x #12 stainless steel or galvanized screws. Do not use bronze. Boat was originally fastened with iron fastenings and bronze would increase the deterioration of these fastenings. Bolt through planking, frame and sheer clamp, using galvanized bolts or stainless steel. Be sure to shim any gap in this area to avoid distorting planking.

Work aft one frame at a time. Frames should be canted or herringboned as you work aft to generally fit curve of planking. That is




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to say they may not be at right angles to keel, but gradually angling aft, as the bones in a fish. To be authentic, these ribs will carry through the deck and be support for the bulwarks. Where possible, tie to old floors, or keel. New floors will be necessary in many cases.

After the stern section is done, work forward one at a time. One of the reasons for working aft first is that if a rib is broken it can be salvaged for a shorter frame further aft or forward.

The forward deck beams are fairly new and should not need replacement. However for convenience, some may be carefully removed, to be replaced later. Many deck beams in the midships and after section of boat will have to be replaced. Clean dry fir is a good material. 2" thick flat grain is fine. Pick up arc at back of cabin, lay out same arc to stern. On the old flush deck boats, the arc forward and aft increased sharply. The modification forward eliminated this and is probably to the good, so follow the same procedure aft. Layout for cabin and hatch frames at this time. You will need about 500 lineal feet 1-3/8"x 1-3/8". This amounts to about 100 bd. ft. Probably order 150 bd. ft. for breakage, waste etc.

The cabin layout as now set up is authentic for the '20s and '30s. However, these varied. Some were connected to the pilot house with an entrance alongside the engine from the pilot house, usually. In this case the engine was small and further aft. Some were connected to the pilot house with a full bulk-

head between and a hatch and ladder to the sleeping compartment.

I like the full bulkhead and hatch to isolate the fo'castle from the engine. In any event the trunk should remain squarish with only the corners rounded. Round front cabins are East Coast. Sides of trunk cabin will be cedar, pine or fir. You can cheat and use 1/2" plywood if you care to.

I'm sure the 6-8hp Saab will be sufficient power for this boat to get 6-7 knots. I would put it aft of the pilot house. It weighs less than 400lbs and could be balanced by ballast forward if necessary. Tanks can be installed under pilot house sole. At 1/2 gal or less per hour, 20 gals are lots of fuel.

Decking authentically was cedar or fir, vertical grain, about 1-1/16" to 1-3/8" thick by 2" wide, laid either with an arc from center line or straight on keel line with fitted cover boards about 6" wide at sheer. To be practical, deck with 1/2" plywood, cover with EZy Deck and fiberglass, and lay a 3/4"x 2" straight deck with cover boards. Bed in fungicidal Dolphonite. Fasten with stainless steel screws and caulk with polysulfide.

If plank edges are undercut 5 degrees and spaced 1/8" apart, polysulfide caulking will key in seams and not pop out. Prime seams before caulking, and tape to edge of seam on both sides before caulking to avoid smearing caulking all over the deck.

Deck fastenings should be plugged. Topside fastenings were puttied. Bottom fas-

tenings were usually filled with Portland Cement. Depending on your feelings, this could be continued or bottom could be puttied.

Originally the garboard seam was bevelled to fit side of keel and nailed to keel, never caulked. Caulking at that point would simply drive the plank away from the keel. Any boat builder except the Italians or Greeks will tell you this is a bad practice. After all, this boat is only 75 years old and still holding!

Depending on the builder, many of these boats were tight planked, with no cotton caulking. I'm not sure about this one at the present time. If caulked, recaulk gently, using a roller, not an iron.

Paint topsides might be any color, white, of course, predominant. Blue was popular. Traditionally decks were Tuna red, probably to hide the fish blood that would stain the decks. The lattice rub strakes were in a contrasting color, black, brown or red. Cabin, always white with brown or blue trim.

This is basically a rough guide to the way to restore this craft. I'm sure more questions and problems will surface before she is completed. I will do my best to work with you as time goes along.

(Harry Davis came across this 1970s survey report in some old papers and thought we might enjoy seeing it. Harry still goes to his office in Santa Barbara, California, daily for four hours or so carrying on his surveying at 83 years of age, "working at my profession with the people I love.")

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Photo by Callea Photo

Sunday December 3: Left home at 0900 headed for Crystal Cove Marina on the St. Johns River just north of Palatka. This is a fifty mile ride from Gainesville. The weather reports are good, with a cold front coming through about midweek. The moon will be full on Thursday, adding to the pleasure of nights on the water. Rigged, put in and headed north with no particular destination in mind, just a week of messing about. It is sunny, in the 70's, with a part time 2 to 3 knot breeze. Anchored for the night at 1700 in a little cove on the west side of the river. The river north of Palatka is from one to three miles wide. Had vegetable soup for supper and watched a beautiful moon come up, while listening to the bugs and water birds. This is a nice change from watching the bad news on TV.

Monday December 4: Up at 0600 and watched a colorful dawn and nice sunrise while having my usual two mugs of coffee. Had a nice sail to Toco Creek, about ten miles. It was a nice sunny day in the 70's with a NW wind from 0 to 6 knots. It is kind of nice to be able to get a suntan in December. Had a beer, a good supper, and another nice moonrise. It was 65 degrees at 2000 but felt much colder. There were a few mosquitoes out but not real bad. Some clouds have moved in making the sky even prettier.

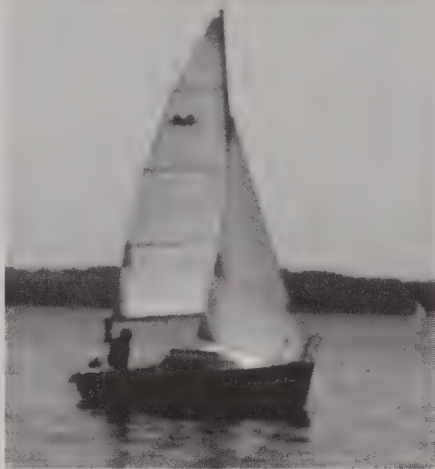
Tuesday December 5: Up at 0600, 60 degrees and a light fog. Bacon, eggs and home fries for breakfast. With a little planning, life aboard a 15 footer can be pretty good. There is a loon swimming around in the cove. Nothing like the sound of a loon to make you think of the North Country. Up anchor at 0945 and heading for Clark Creek. This is one of my favorite coves on the river, it is pretty and has a nice view out over the river. The temperature has been from 60 to 80 degrees today. What little wind I had was out of the SE at 0 to 2 knots, and I was going against the current. When the wind would die I would drop the anchor to keep from losing ground. It took 4 hours to go 5 miles, but with weather like this who is complaining. 2100 hours, 65 degrees, the moon is full and is very bright. What a night!

Wednesday December 6: 0530, watched the moon go down and daybreak at the same time, while I was having real coffee with my breakfast and listening to a loon. If it got much better than this I couldn't stand it. 0800, heavy

From The Log Of Therapy

Cruising in a Montgomery 15 on Florida's St. Johns River Cruise #6, December 3-9, 1995

By Charlie Matthews



cloud cover moved in from the west and lasted until 1100, and then cleared up. Sailed over to Colee Cove and back. It was only about 8 miles total, but took 8 hours with winds of 0 to 3 knots. Temp still in the 70's.

Thursday December 7: 0530, 60 degrees and foggy. Did my morning things. Finally getting some wind, sailed to Colee Cove in one hour with mainsail only, then to Puerto Rico Cove. Anchored out of the wind and had a snack. SW winds with cats paws are making it a bit tricky out on the river. Put a reef in the main and sailed back to Clark Creek. Good sailing. Seventy nine degrees at 1330. Light rain and a rainbow N to S at 1600. For the first time in my life I am actually sitting here looking at the end of a rainbow. It ends in the river between me and the east side of the river. The colors are very distinct against the trees across the river. The rainbow lasted about 10 minutes and vanished in about 30 seconds. I was so excited that I didn't even think about taking a picture. 1730, a light SW breeze, just finished supper and put things away and was feeling good about the success of this little cruise.

I glanced to the NE and saw a wall of wind headed my way at about 20 to 25 knots. This was the cold front, but it hit like a squall! I had my little 3lb. Danforth anchor out with 70' of rode giving me a 10 to 1 ratio. This is not good holding ground, the bottom being soft mud, and I knew that the anchor was going to drag. I only had about one minute to do something before the wind hit (before reading any further, think what you would do in a situation like this).

The anchor started dragging at an alarming rate. I started the little 2hp Evinrude Outboard. It ran for about 30 seconds and died. I got my 8lb. Danforth out with about 30' of rode just as I was blown into the woods. I tied the bow and stern to low tree limbs to keep from going in further. The keel was in soft silt and the mast was just touching some small branches. Although the wind was howling I

did manage to stay calm and assess the situation. My pretty little boat was sitting in the woods taking a pounding due to a combination of errors on my part.

#1: I would be the first one to tell you to always anchor for a storm when anchoring for the night, I broke my own rule!

#2: The nice little Evinrude was out of gas. Now how could this happen! I am a careful person who has spent years taking care of all the little details, but this didn't keep my boat out of the woods. Gas in the tank would have. A tank of gas is good for 2 hours and I thought I had only run the motor for about 1/2 hour. My, my, how time does fly when you are having fun.

#3: Since I keep both my anchors in a cockpit locker and can have either one in the water within 10 seconds, the correct decision when I saw the wind coming would have been to put out the big anchor.

So, being alone, how do I get out of this mess. The wind brought an instant 10 to 15 degree temperature drop, so the idea of trying to get the anchor out far enough to kedge off didn't seem like a safe option. After 2-1/2 hours the wind slacked off to about 15 knots. I rigged lines to the tree limbs so they could be let go from the cockpit and put gas in the motor. By using the motor, snugging up on the anchor lines and rocking the boat side to side to help free the keel she finally broke free and I let the lines that were attached to the tree limbs go.

Believe me! it felt good to be out of the woods with the boat back in her own element and with only a couple of scratches. I motored over to the north side of the cove and anchored in a more sheltered area, needless to say, with my big anchor firmly planted. It was 2100. My ordeal had lasted for 3-1/2 hours but it seemed much longer.

Friday December 8: 0630, 56 degrees, my coolest morning, complete overcast, no moisture on the boat. Wind out on the river looks to be about 10 knots. Did my morning things. Sailed to Toco Creek, 5 miles in 1-1/4 hr. Called my wife and got ice. Had a nice following wind, so sailed to Deep Creek, about 6 miles with jib only at about 3 knots.

This was a perfect day for sailing. Deep Creek is just that, 10' to 18' deep. Once you get into the creek out of sight of the river it is like another world, wild and beautiful with no evidence that man has ever been there. I saw two otter and lots of water birds. There are a couple of spots that open up enough for a good anchorage for two or three small boats. There was only a slight air movement in the creek, and the mosquitoes were bad from dusk on. This is not a good summer anchorage. Moon came out at 2000.

Saturday December 9: 0630, 60 degrees, moon still out and a colorful dawn is breaking. Lots of water birds in the trees. Just sat and had two mugs of coffee before my bacon and eggs. It is easy to forget the bad times when it is like this. Up anchor and on the move at 0900. Got to Crystal Cove at 1530. Took 6-1/2 hours to go 5 miles, against the tide and wind all the way. Got home at 1730. Had a good cruise. Temperature range was 56 to 80 degrees, not bad for December. Had 2-1/2 days of cloud cover, nice and sunny the rest of the time. Got a late start in the spring but still had a good year with 28 nights out on the boat. Hopefully I have learned something in the "Year of Storms" and am a better sailor.

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1998 was a very good year for the Center for Wooden Boats. Our membership increased by nearly 12%, our youth programs grew dramatically, our adult maritime skills programs were full with a waiting list for sailing instruction, and our volunteer corps doubled from 1997. Wow!

How did all this happen? It was a product of a great staff, a horde of skilled and eager volunteers, generous donors, and 20 years of service to our community.

In 1978, two decades ago, CWB became a non-profit organization. The Internal Revenue Service gave us our 501(c)(3) status. That means we are recognized by the IRS as a public-benefiting organization with "charitable, educational, or scientific" purpose. It also means income to CWB is tax exempt, and donations to CWB are tax deductible because our income supports an educational mission.

Back then, we didn't exactly make headlines in the 1978 *Wall Street Journal*. But we certainly made waves with our community activities. With a volunteer team of our six trustees and the CWB membership, we produced the 2nd Annual Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival, spring and fall traditional boat regattas at Gasworks Park on Lake Union, monthly talks at The Old Boathouse (a historic houseboat and our first headquarters), and a series of workshops and technical seminars on maritime heritage skills. These were held at free or cheap sites, including Shoreline Historical Museum, Wooden Boat Shop, Lake Union Naval Reserve Center, Good Shepherd Home, and Acme Blacksmith Shop.

We took maritime heritage to the people. In 1978 we also published a monograph on the Poulso Boat, a Wooden Boat Builders Directory, and the inaugural issue of our newsletter, *Shavings*.

By year's end, our financial report showed \$500 in grants and contributions received and \$1,157.44 in memberships. Our dues then were \$7.50 for individuals, \$15 for organizations, and \$100 for Life. We reported \$1,976.35 in workshop receipts for a total of \$3,633.79. We ended the year with \$3,062.64 in cash and \$95.00 in accounts payable. Expenses included insurance, printing, materials for exhibits, and meeting refreshments (coffee and cookies have always been the mainstay of the CWB diet).

From an almost microscopic fiscal beginning, we have steadily increased our activities and cash flow. What success we have achieved is due to what we do and how we do it. The Center for Wooden Boats has grown in popularity and proportionate income because our environment is as comfortable as grandma's kitchen and our programs are as exciting as learning to ride a two-wheel bike. People enjoy the friendly staff and volunteers and the colorful diversity of the boats.

Those who take our hands-on-history programs go away with a glow that comes with the experience of magic moments. Through the process of "doing" maritime heritage, they leave with a long-lasting memory of maritime heritage in their hands and hearts.

This ever-expanding haven of happy people and effective programs exists on our wide base of earnings and our broad spectrum of contributions. Our earnings include rental of our boats and fees for skills instruction. Contributions and pledges in 1998 came from King County Office of Cultural Resources, Seattle Mental Health Institute, Washington

Center for Wooden Boats...Still on Course After 20 Years

By Dick Wagner

State Department of Parks and Recreation, Youth Adventure, Chisholm Foundation, Northwest Yacht Brokers Association, United Way, The Boeing Company, Microsoft, Air Touch Cellular, and U.S. West. We received individual cash donations from 203 members of CWB.

Our activities this year often made CWB's site look like a speeded-up soccer match. But, at the same time, there were about a gazillion behind-the-scenes activities that bear on CWB's future.

The Maritime Heritage Foundation is planning a collaborative Maritime Heritage Center that will include CWB, the Northwest Schooner Society, Puget Sound Maritime Historical Society, the Virginia V, United Indians of All Tribes, and Northwest Seaport. The MHF will coordinate the various organizations' collections, programs, skills, and visions. It also will aim to raise funds for planning and facilities that will benefit all MHF members.

While MHF was brainstorming its mission and goals, CWB also was in the epicenter of developing the South Lake Union Neighborhood Plan. Through several public process sessions, the planning work was divided into Parks and Open Space, Neighborhood Character, and Transportation. Seattle's Department of Neighborhoods provided a grant to develop action plans for South Lake Union. CWB hosted the Parks and Open Space meetings and most of the public review of the overall plan.

The completed South Lake Union Neighborhood Plan went before the City Council on December 5. Presentations were made by all the committee chairs. Lt. Peter Puget (Matthew Schmall, who has been portraying Peter Puget in appearances with the replica scale model of Capt. George Vancouver's ship of exploration, *Discovery*) of HM Royal Navy also came to comment on his viewpoint of his Sound in 1792.

One of the plan's recommendations is a Maritime Heritage Center in the soon-to-be South Lake Union Park. The park site will be the former Lake Union Naval Reserve Base, adjoining CWB's west side. The base was decommissioned September 30, 1998, and will be taken over by the City as a park. Peter Puget, in full dress naval uniform, reminded the Council how important it was to preserve our maritime heritage.

Although the Council will be studying the plan further, they unanimously endorsed the Maritime Heritage Center recommendation. The Council passed out CWB mugs to the chairs of the planning committees in thanks for their work and to symbolize the educational theme of the new park. Lt. Puget was especially thanked for "coming so far to the meeting." There will be a City Council public hearing on the South Lake Union Plan beginning at 6.30 p.m. on January 13 at The Center for Wooden Boats.

On December 8, Seattle Mayor Paul Schell conducted a news conference at CWB

to announce the South Lake Union Neighborhood Plan. Mayor Schell applauded the concept of a Maritime Heritage Center and has begun steps to implement the plan.

As if MHF and SLU planning weren't enough, this also was a hot-and-heavy planning year for CWB at Camano Island.

The State Parks and Recreation Department has purchased the Cama Beach property on Camano Island. Cama Beach was built in 1932 as a waterfront camp of 50 cabins and a boathouse with 50 boats. The state, CWB, and the former owners of Cama Beach have participated in the vision statement and master plan for the Cama Beach park. The 450-acre site is mostly forest and 6,000 feet of beach. The structures cover only a few acres. They will become a living museum with CWB in the middle, doing our maritime heritage programs. The rest of the site will be preserved and interpreted as a living natural history exhibit.

Meetings this year focused on business plans, engineering and architectural plans and permits, construction schedules, program planning, and the creation of a Cama Beach Institute to coordinate education programs and a Cama Beach Advisory Committee to be overseers of the Cama Beach development and programs. CWB has been vigorously involved in all phases.

We hope to have some programs, including talks, workshops, and volunteer projects, at both the South Lake Union Park Maritime Heritage Center and Cama Beach in 1999. The plan is to have both in full operation after the year 2000, or another gazillion meetings, whichever comes first.

Twenty years as a grassroots supported, do-touch museum, and we're still on course.

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1998: A Great Year for Fun at CWB

If there's anything the Center for Wooden Boats is well known for (besides, of course, the West Coast's largest collection of traditional small craft), it's as a place to have a good time.

And we had lots of good times in 1998. People came to row or sail, to admire the boats, to learn a skill, to swap sea stories, or just to hang out. Here are some of the highlights:

The biggest crowd came for our annual homage to wooden boats of all sizes, the 22nd Annual Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival. Despite gray skies, a steady stream of visitors wended their way along our docks. Marty Loken, whose photos have provided half a dozen memorable Festival posters, got a bird's eye view of the big boats from the roof of the Armory Building (top left below) and captured the grace of the small boats from the shoreline (bottom left).

The Festival crowds were treated to an exciting Ed Clark Classic Yacht race on the opening day of the Festival (bottom right). That's CWB's Yankee One Design at left, vying for room at the mark (photo by Ron Callahan).

Toy boat building was so popular we added a winter version in December. Cold and rain didn't deter these kids, who came to meet our holiday seafarer, Captain Christmas, and build and sail their dream boats with the aid of the Captain's elves, including Volunteer Andrea Denton (left).

In September, we hosted the Norm Blanchard WOOD (Wooden Open One Design) Regatta (photos next page). The wind gods smiled on the 42 boats that turned out for some hard-fought races. The competition was fierce among the El Toros, Pelicans, and Bettle Cats in the 15-boat small boat class (top left) as they raced a short course easily visible by the shoreside spectators.





CWB members made a more than respectable showing (bottom left). Steve Kinnaman's crew on the yawl *Blue Moon* (left in photo) and Harvey Nobe's Friendship sloop *Amie* (right) were friendly competitors in the big boat class.

Volunteers Layne Benofsky (left) and

Chris Butler, rigging the Corcordia (bottom right), were also among the happy racers.

We had a full schedule of workshops and classes throughout the year. One of the most popular was Corey Freedman's baidarka building class, as is evident on the faces of the October group (top right). Showing off

their kayaks in progress are, left to right: Corey, George Yang, Corey's assistant, Doc (kneeling), Aaron Ashby, Janet Yang, and Tina Kelley. Tina's story on building her kayak ran in the Sunday *New York Times* in November, prompting inquiries on CWB's workshops from around the country.

(Sara Longley photos for the *Seattle Press*)



More New Boats

By Jim Michalak

Here are two more boats of my design that were built and tested and have graduated into my \$1 brochure, which now has over 20 tested designs.



Sneakerbox

The prototype Sneakerbox was built by Al Tilley, Jr. of Montrose, Pennsylvania.

This is a new design based on a traditional boat, Chapelle's "old garvey box, substitute for a sneakbox," that appears in his book, *American Small Sailing Craft*, published by W.W. Norton & Company. That book is certainly a must for anyone with any interest in small boats.

Sneakerbox is a very loose interpretation of that old garvey box. It's the same size (13' x 4') and style with somewhat similar decking, but is meant for plywood construction. The original garvey was made from planks, including a cross-planked bottom which allowed a very sharp upturn at the bow. Use of plywood, even 1/4" plywood in the case of Sneakerbox, requires a more gradual curve which by some theories should result in less drag.

Sneakerbox construction uses six sheets of 1/4" plywood, which is a lot for a boat this size. The extensive decking is not free and that much plywood implies at least 130 pounds

stripped weight. The original planked boats were probably a lot heavier, maybe 200 pounds empty and twice that when soaked. So there is an advantage to modern materials. In addition, Sneakerbox is built without traditional lofting and ladder jig. The chines are taped seams, but the rest of the boat uses conventional nail and glue construction. Here again modern materials should provide and tighter and stronger construction.

The sail rig on the original garvey was a sprit sail with a curved daggerboard set well to the bow. There was no rudder, you steered with an oar. All these elements made for a rig that stowed fairly neatly on a boat that was probably rowed a lot. Not a bad idea really, but I felt that there are few people today who have the background to deal with such a rig. Even after you have relearned the lost art of making it work, you have to live with its inefficiencies. And one must remember that the waterman of 100 years ago was never humbled by a Laser or Hobie zipping past him and had a different idea of "acceptable sailing ease and performance." The old garvey was likely

looked upon in the same light as today's aluminum jonboat. I say this admitting that I've never relearned the arts of such a rig myself and that maybe it ain't so bad. By my limited experiences with such things as steering oars and boomless sails, rudders and booms are great inventions. (Chapelle's garvey box did have a boom.)

So I designed Sneakerbox with a very conventional rig. The lateen is fairly simple and one of the easiest to use and get right. My version is farther aft than the original, getting the mast and daggerboard out of the bow storage/flotation box. The daggerboard case is mounted off to one side of the cockpit opening and out of your way.

Sneakerbox has a central open cockpit 2' wide and 6-1/2' long with watertight storage in the ends, retaining the feature of the original boats that allowed a hardened type to sleep in it while "cruising." The classic tale of this sort is *Four Months in a Sneakbox* by Nathaniel Bishop. Bishop traveled from Pittsburg down the Ohio and Mississippi and along the Gulf Coast over 100 years ago in a real planked sneakbox. He traveled in the winter months, sleeping in the cold confines of the box almost every night. He dealt with massive ice, river steamers, bandits, and floods which filled the rivers with uprooted trees and drops which made the river banks into mud cliffs.

For those of us who live near the route, the book is even more fascinating in that the towns and cities he mentions have changed so much and yet the waters are clearly the same. I don't think the book is in print now, but Internet users might find it for free complete with original pictures and maps at Books On Line at www.cs.cmu.edu/books.html. Bishop rowed the whole distance. He took no sail rig. Because of the narrow cockpit of the sneakbox, flip-up row locks are attached to the gunwales of the boat. Sneakerbox has the same locks and Al reports they work well. Like Bishop, Al has not fitted his boat with the sail rig.

Plans for Sneakerbox are \$25.



QT Skiff

The prototype QT Skiff was built by Paul Krayniak of Odessa, New York. QT is 13' long, 45" wide, and probably about 70 pounds empty. It's interesting to compare it to Sneakerbox because it is about the same size but half the weight, half the materials, and likely half the labor. So you see the cost of decks and sailing bits.

Paul built the QT, his first boat, as an "RV topper." I was doubtful that it would work

because RVs are very tall. The only carry boats I've seen on RVs were folding boats strapped to the side. But Paul reports it was a complete success, with the unload and load operations taking maybe five minutes each, which is quite good. So he did well by not listening to my advice. Boats the size and weight of QT are excellent cartoppers, probably the best. They load as easily as anything, at least as easy as a clink, and yet they have the capacity to take two adults in some comfort.

One question that always arises with a boat like this is, "Can I use a motor?" My response is that you won't likely try it more than once. Hulls can't have large deep transoms and row well. So good rowboats have swept-up stern lines with no buoyancy back there to prevent the hull from squatting badly under power. In fact, even at rest they can't deal with the weight of the power plant and especially its operator in the stern. The bows will point to the sky and they can become unsafe. Very low power, such as with trolling motors, can work well if the batteries and crew weight are kept in the middle of the boat for proper trim. That requires remote steering which is easily done with an electric. For power more than a horse or two you need a square sterned boat such as the common aluminum skiff, great powerboats but they don't row well.

QT is a straight flat iron skiff made from three sheets of 1/4" plywood with no lofting or building jig. This one is all glue and nails, without structural taped seams. But I always armor the chine corners with a layer of fiberglass.

Plans for QT are \$20.

Jim Michalak, 118 E Randle St., Lebanon, IL 62254, web site at www.apci.net/~michalak.

Huia

An Historic Topsail Schooner Comes to Life

Mark Steele reports on a magnificent scale model in New Zealand

As model ship builders know, real vessels often motivate the construction of replicas, some for display purposes, others for sailing under radio. In New Zealand this is often the case, and Robert Melse of Auckland, so captivated by a topsail schooner that has been the subject of three issues of a book, *The Log of the Huia*, by Mr. Clifford W. Hawkins, also of that city, four years ago set about to build and has now almost completed a highly detailed and most attractive model.

North American readers may not be familiar with the *Huia*, but the 35.05-metre schooner was famous as a cargo carrier throughout the Pacific, establishing a number of record passages that brought her fame. A graceful schooner with immense sail area, she appeared in so many ports and with such regularity between 1894 and 1951 that, to New Zealanders of that era, she is fondly talked about and justifiably mentioned in the same breath as the likes of the *Cutty Sark*.

Built at a place called Aratapu, at one time perhaps the most lively of milling townships situated on the banks of the Northern Wairoa River in New Zealand's North Island, and named after a long extinct New Zealand bird, *Huia* was to survive several strandings on shoals and many a severe gale before ending her days after hitting the Komekame reef in New Caledonia in 1951.

As a subject for a model, although many have been made (four by Cliff Hawkins himself, which to this day are on display in various museums in New Zealand), it is surprising that so few have seized upon the opportunity to build sailing replicas, as drawings of



the vessel's hull, sail plans, diagrams of rigging, etc. are all in Hawkins books. To be fair, all three books are long out of print and are eagerly sought on the secondhand market, so perhaps that may be one of the reasons.

Melse's 2.1-metre model with a 300mm beam is built entirely in balsa, has two-channel radio, and has taken him two-and-a-half-thousand hours to date. Lifeboats are still to be made and, unhappy with his sails, he is about to remake them. The model has an all up weight of 25 kilos, which includes 19 kilos of lead ballast placed in the holds before sailing.

Clifford W. Hawkins has written many other books on sailing and is one of New Zealand's most respected authors and recorders of nautical history. A wonderful camera-

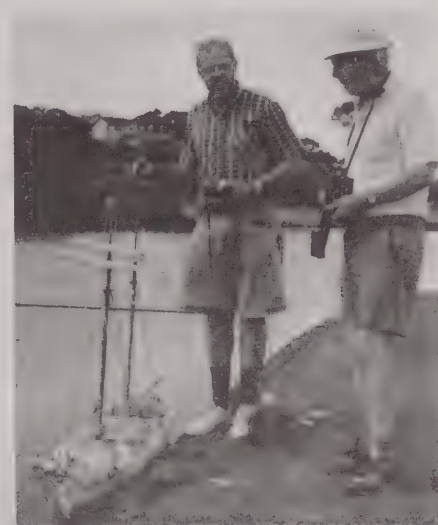
man as well as an artist of renown, his drawing reproduced with this story of *Huia* in a spanking wind has movement and conveys a strong impression of how such boats handled conditions. A personal friend of the writer of this report, he has now completed the fourth and much updated *Log of the Huia*, and it is hoped that a publisher will see the wisdom of producing it.

Though time consuming, the modeling of such vessels, and at such scale, often produce extremely impressive results, and Melse's model captures the timeless beauty of a topsail schooner of that vintage and commands attention when placed on the water. When her sails are completed and she is sailed, this museum standard model with its minute detail will indeed be worth seeing.

Illustration courtesy of Clifford W. Hawkins.



Owner and builder, Robert Melse, nearest to model with Clifford W. Hawkins, author of the books *Log of the Huia*.



Resurrection of a Viking

By Craig Wilson

In the summer of 1996 I bought an old boat and trailer which I intended to restore. The project is now complete and here is a report.

The boat is a 1959 Viking about 12'6" long. I have no other information about it, this came from the DMV title. There was no manufacturer's plate, only a small, rough copper plate with a number stamped on it nailed to the transom. It became one of those projects, the more I worked on it the more I found needed to be repaired. My photos tell the tale best.

The first photo shows the homemade trailer that came with the boat. Homemade trailers are okay if they are made properly, but this one could serve as an example of how a trailer should not be made.

The tongue is connected to the axle so the entire trailer is unsprung weight bouncing over every rough spot in the road.

The axle is made from an old car front axle, cut in two in the middle with spacers welded into the cut to increase the track. However, the axle parts were not aligned carefully for welding so there is about 1-5/8" of toe-in instead of the correct amount of 1/16" to 1/8". The excessive toe-in causes the tires to squeal when I slowly move it across my smooth concrete garage floor. One new tire already shows noticeable wear after only 100 miles.

The lights are raised on pipe supports, which is good, but they shake a lot because they are mounted directly on the axle.

The axle is about a foot too far back so the tongue weight on the hitch is too high.

The second photo shows the hull and deck. The boat is made in two parts, molded fiberglass deck and hull, with wooden reinforcement pieces in both parts. The deck fits over the hull and is fastened to it with machine screws about 6" apart all the way around. Some type of sealer, which looked like back tar to me, was used in the joint. The molded-in deck beams were all broken, which allowed the deck to flex up and down several inches. Glassing in four new deck beams strengthened this. The old beams, after being used as patterns for the new, went into my fireplace.

The third and fourth photos show the deck during repair. The various light colored spots are Bondo used to fill small scratches. The patchiness shown in the fourth photo is where I experimented some with paint colors.

The fifth photo shows the interior of the hull looking forward: Originally there were three longitudinal stringers along the bottom which were covered with a 1/4" cockpit sole. This in turn was covered with fiberglass cloth. This combination formed a watertight chamber in the bottom. The wooden part of the transom (not shown) did not extend down to the bottom but only to the sole. The drain plug was above the sole.

I don't think this was a good way to build this boat. Eventually the sealed bottom chamber was penetrated allowing water to leak in, water which could not be removed, so the wooden parts eventually decayed and broke.

The only original wooden part I re-used



was the centerline stringer shown. It was not broken like the other parts. The remains of the fiberglassing that held the chine stringers can be seen. I made new ones and glassed them in with a layer of cloth that completely covers them and the bottom, and extends past the chines a few inches up the sides. The hull is now one layer of fiberglass thicker than it was.

The sixth photo shows the interior of the hull looking aft. The old damaged transom has been removed so the shape of the molded fiberglass hull can be seen, just a shell at this point. The new transom is made up of two layers of 3/4" ACX exterior plywood. The original transom height was 17-1/2". Why? Since standard heights are either 15" or 20", what was the designer thinking? The new transom is 15" high.

The light colored areas on the bottom extending from the chine to the transom and tapering towards the center at the bow form the outline of the original cockpit sole. The location of the two chine stringers which I replaced can also be seen. The new cockpit sole is 1/2" ACX plywood covered with a fiberglass layer that extends up the sides. There is now an access port in this new sole at the transom, and the drain plug is now located in the lowest part of the hull.

This new arrangement is still probably not as open as it should be but the boat will be stored on its trailer in a garage with the bow higher than the stern, so it should drain and dry out between outings.

The seventh photo shows the painted hull. Originally the entire boat was painted dark olive drab inside and out. After much application of paint remover, scraping and sanding, I discovered the original colors were a bright white hull and a turquoise blue deck and seat. Remember, this is a 1950's boat. After pricing custom mixed paint to reproduce these original colors, I decided to use off-the-shelf colors, gloss white for the hull and royal blue for the deck and seats.

Then my daughter informed me that since she would be using the boat for camping at a nearby lake, the final colors would be something different. As the first coat I had applied needed sanding anyway, I wet sanded the whole thing and painted the hull with Rust-Oleum high gloss oil base enamel, canvas white inside and out and hunter green deck and seat.

The eighth photo displays the completed boat (except for registration number) finally ready for the water. Now all I must do is fix the trailer and get the 1958 Johnson 18 to run on both cylinders. It will probably see its first use this summer, a good little boat for two to ride around in.

Conclusions: From reading letters from readers I conclude that some are afraid to use polyester resin for fiberglassing a boat, they prefer to use epoxy. Epoxy will probably make for a better boat but for a boat of plywood that is not stored in the water, polyester works fine and is much less costly.

I used laminating resin on this boat and did not use surfacing resin for the final coats. The disadvantage was that the surface was still sticky after the resin set. But I found that a couple of days in the sun caused the resin to set up without the sticky surface.



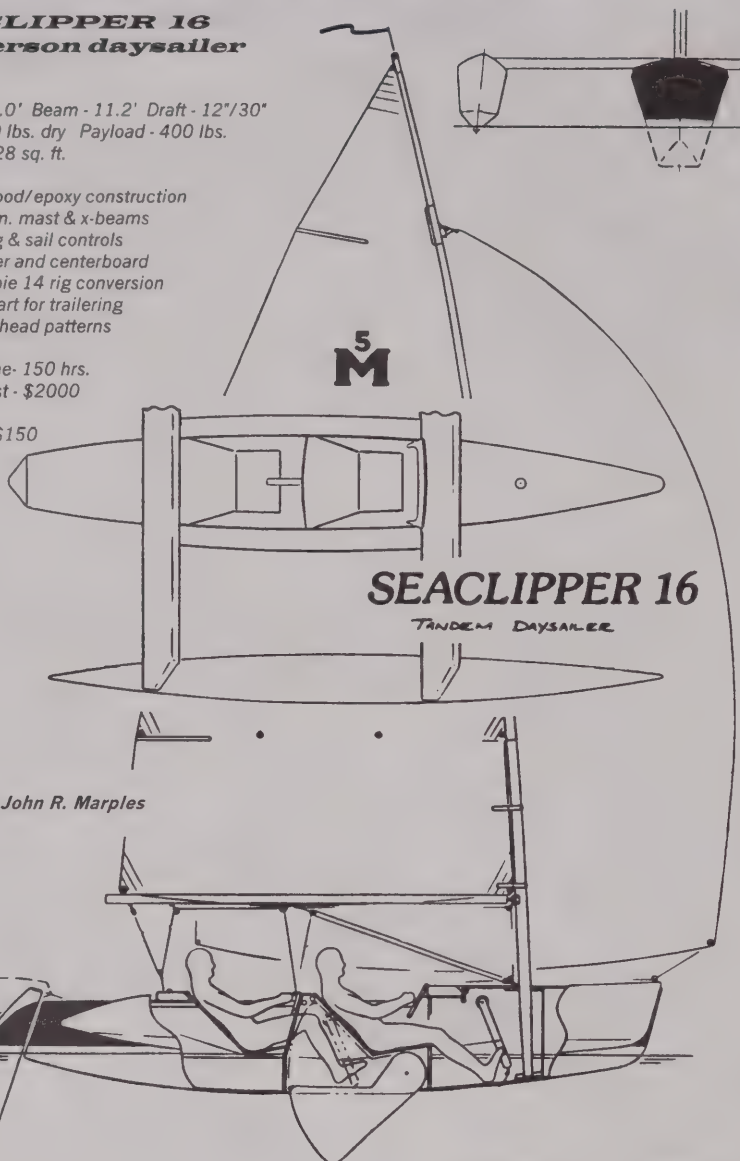
SEACLIPPER 16 2 person daysailer

Length - 16.0' Beam - 11.2' Draft - 12" / 30"
Weight - 400 lbs. dry Payload - 400 lbs.
Sail Area - 128 sq. ft.

Simple plywood/epoxy construction
Wood or Alum. mast & x-beams
Dual steering & sail controls
kick-up rudder and centerboard
Optional Hobie 14 rig conversion
Easy take-apart for trailering
Full size bulkhead patterns

Est. build time - 150 hrs.
Est. Mat'l cost - \$2000

design fee - \$150



SEACLIPPER 16
TANDEM DAYSAILER

designed by John R. Marples

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John R. Marples, Multihull Designs
P.O. Box 1437, St. Augustine, FL 32085

The Seaclipper 16 Two-Person Sailing Trainer and Daysailer

By John R. Marples

Since the introduction of the very popular Seaclipper 10, many people have asked for a two-person version. Now, here it is. The same crew comfort and gear arrangement are now offered in two cockpit positions. As a family boat, young children can be seated in one cockpit, while a parent handles sails and steering from the other. The natural stability of the trimaran configuration adds to the enjoyment and safety of the experience. The basic boat is equipped with mainsail only, the spinnaker is optional. Sail and rudder controls are positioned in both cockpits. The bolt-together assembly takes little time to prepare the boat for sailing while on the trailer. Docking fees are avoided by storing the boat at home.

Sailing the Seaclipper 16 will be fun for all. Speeds of 6 to 7 knots are easily achieved in 10-knot winds. With only one crew aboard, speeds in excess of 10 knots are possible. The kick-up centerboard and rudder allow easy operation from the beach (if there are no waves). Camping cruising would be the ultimate use for the 16, since it has enough stowage for a week's supplies. Otherwise, it is ideally suited to afternoon romps around the bay or informal races with other boats. Make sure you bring sunscreen and beverages, because you'll want to sail all day.

The construction is simple plywood and lumber, all available from the local lumberyard. It takes 3 sheets of 1/8" (doorskin) plywood, 13 sheets of 1/4", and 1 sheet of 1/2". The lumber pieces are all standard sizes, including 4 x 4" softwood main crossbeams. The crossbeams (akas) have 1/8" plywood fairings added for shape. The hulls are constructed upside down on a simple ladder-type strongback in a conventional plywood on frame format. All parts are glued with marine quality epoxy and fastened with small nails or staples.

The exterior is sheathed with 4-oz. fiberglass cloth and epoxy, then painted for a durable exterior finish. The mast is laminated wood, planed round, and varnished. Most joints are made with epoxy fillets to avoid the need for accurate fits between components. The booklet, *Liquid Joinery*, is included with the plans to explain the use of epoxy and all the tricks associated with making quick and beautiful joints.

The plans contain full-sized patterns for all bulkheads and other components. A total of eight working drawings show all parts as well as a logical building sequence from start to finish. The outfitting list gives part numbers for popular hardware components. The finished cost target is \$2000 for the basic boat with mainsail, and about \$500 extra for the spinnaker and gear. Prices will vary depending on finish and hardware quality. The build time is estimated at 200 hours or two to three months of serious part-time effort. The design fee of \$150 includes plans, patterns, and booklets, along with consultation with the agent or designer to insure successful completion of the project.

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The Motor Sailer *Muppy*

By Richard Carsen

During my 26 year sojourn in Newport Beach, California, I have noticed that many big yachts hardly ever leave their moorings, although perfectly capable of doing so. Newport Beach may well be one of the largest yacht harbors in the world, and it seems that when these yachts leave their mooring or berths, it is with a grand party that you certainly do not want to take to sea. The harbor, however, is big enough to fill an afternoon and evening cruising.

Muppy was dreamed up with just such a situation in mind. The aft cabin has a large, well stocked bar, two TVs, little tables with chairs for the younger guests, and deep, gilt veined leather fauteuils for the opulent. The entrance doors are of engraved mirror glass, the chandeliers, heavy with crystal and gold are unobtrusively held in place by gilded brass fittings, just in case the weather would be so southern California gorgeous that an evening ride is undertaken down the romantic Laguna Beach coast, the moon full, the heavens asparkle with a zillion stars usually invisible on the smogridden mainland.

This is a pontoon boat, and two ultra modern jet engines purr contentedly in the aft parts of the pontoons, even their soft murmur heavily insulated so as not to disturb the mellow mood. They are driven by the newest no-gas engine, or rather powerplant, a 3' 6" tube with a 12volt battery, a modern mystery that no-one knows how it works, yet that has been driving a few cars in far off Australia.

If the ladies want to see it sail, the easy to produce, handle and operate split lug sail can let out their brails and add the magic touch, wafting on a zephyr, the silently pushing jets forgotten and out of sight.

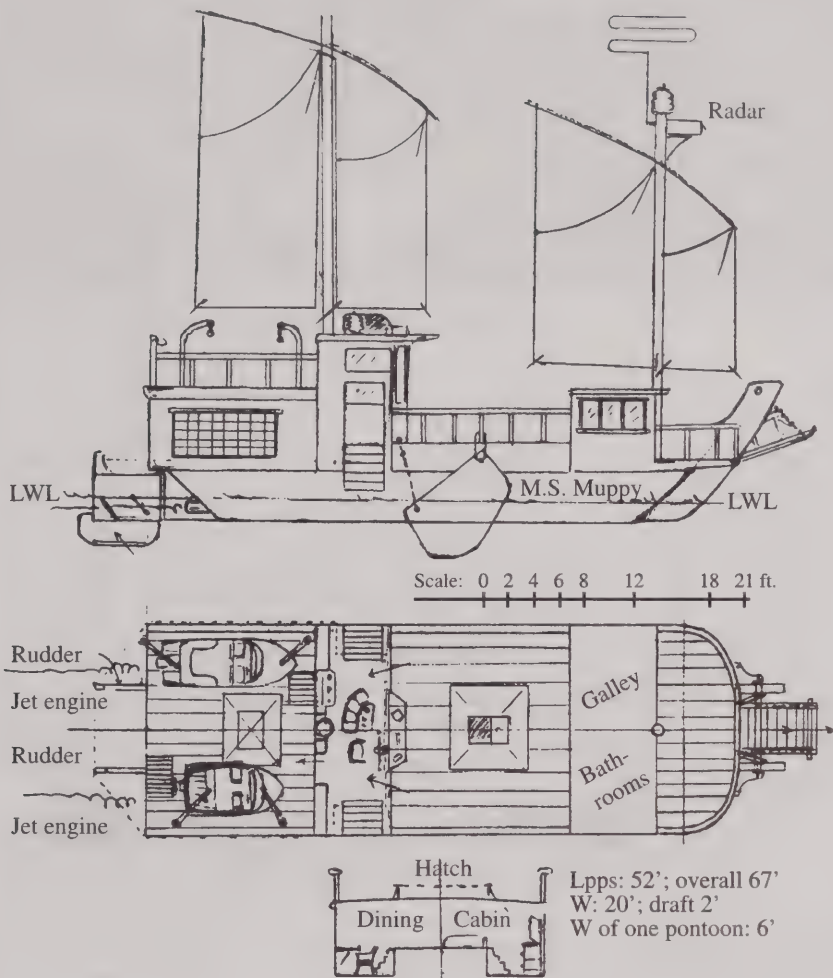
The roomy bridge is fully equipped with every navigational aid known to man, with a comfortable settee for those who like to watch the glittering displays, while listening to the soft music wafting in from the main salon. The promenade deck is strewn with a colorful display of parasols and colored plastic tables and chairs, where a host of good looking waiters serve caviar on toast, oysters with champagne, Canard a la Pomme Louis Quatorze, and other delicacies, prepared by the two best known chefs in the area, one specializing in the most mouthwatering pastries and yet a third a veritable soup wizard, of course surrounded by the best help available.

On starboard are the rest rooms, the ladies' room in pink marble and golden faucets, the masculine equivalent in the deep hues of true, imported mahogany that shine in flames of gold. No fake stuff here.

For possible landings there is the electrically operated drawbridge up in the bows, while on the boat deck over the salon two small motorboats are ready in the davits to take or pick up guests anywhere.

For a young millionaire or still somewhat strapped billionaire, this boat can be built cheaply, from steel, down in some third world country with inexpensive help and no shipwright's experience.

M.S. Muppy



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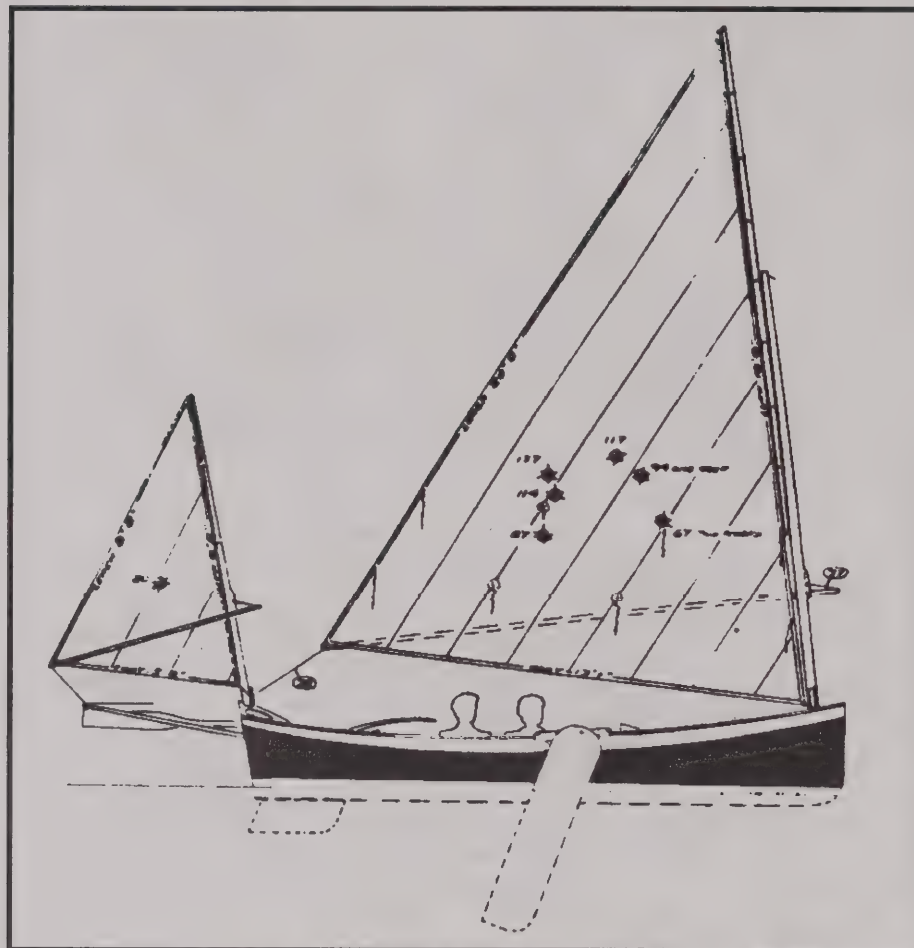


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Bolger on Design

Design #356

Prince William Sound Yawl



Length overall: 16'3"
Breadth: 4'6"
Draft without leeboard: 4"
Draft with maximum leeboard:
4'0"
Weight stripped: 200 lbs.
Displacement to designed water-
line: 680 lbs.
Sail area: 117 ft² mainsail, 20 ft²
mizzen

This was designed as a high end, low volume production boat, intended for use in remote areas like Prince William Sound; this was before the *Exxon Valdez* made the area famous, we hear it has recovered quite well from the consequences of that ship's accident. The specification was for a maximum cartop boat that would be a fast and spirited sailer, reasonably safe in strong winds and rough and cold water with a tired crew, beachable, spacious enough for two people to lie down and still have reliably dry stowage for their gear, capable under oars of 3 knots sustained and 4 knots in a spurt (to be able to cope with strong tides), and good-looking in a traditional way. A workable option for an outboard motor was added to the list. Cost was not supposed to be a consideration.

We took Nathaniel Herreshoff's pretty daysailer *Coquina* as a model for the traditional good looks, but gave her a dead-flat bottom amidships for maximum stability and to allow the crew to sit low in the turn of the bilge, relatively secure and sheltered, without losing much of their effectiveness as live ballast. In a boat that is high sided and buoyant like this, and that can sail fast at a wide range of angles of heel as the sharply lifted stern quarters allow, the day's run before the crew gets dangerously tired is much extended over boats that have to be sailed with the crew hiked out.

The decked-in ends slope sharply down to each end to allow the mast to be stepped loosely in its partners (to be quickly unstepped) without letting drip into the stowage compartments, and to keep any spillage from the motor out of the working space. Putting the motor on the stern saved either an inconvenient bracket or a still more inconvenient well, and allowed it to be kept at all times ready for instant use. The penalty was the underhull rudder shipped through a well, not ideal for a beaching boat.

The rationale was that she would approach beaching under power or oars, with the rudder shipped. The forward position of the rudder brought the tiller into a good position for the crew weight concentrated amidships for best rough water action. The 9' oars, supposed to make a motor superfluous, stow very neatly out through slots in the transom, with the tips of the blades coming together about 4' outboard.

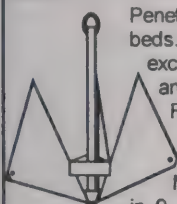


The boat never went into production as market research suggested that few people would pay what she would cost. It seemed that people interested in the kind of cruising envisaged are not usually indifferent to the cost of their boats. A boat was eventually built in spare time by an Australian professional of a very high order of skill. He made a beautiful job of her, "fine furniture quality," true to the plans in every respect, and reported that she was well up to our intentions, except that the leeboard mounts were not strong enough and had to be rebuilt.

They were a tricky innovation which was supposed to control their play but be fast to remove. The very long and narrow boards were not a good idea either, they were intended to be easier to stow than shorter and broader boards, but their excessive draft was too high a price to pay for a marginal convenience. However, it is much easier to change leeboards than an ill-conceived centerboard or keel!



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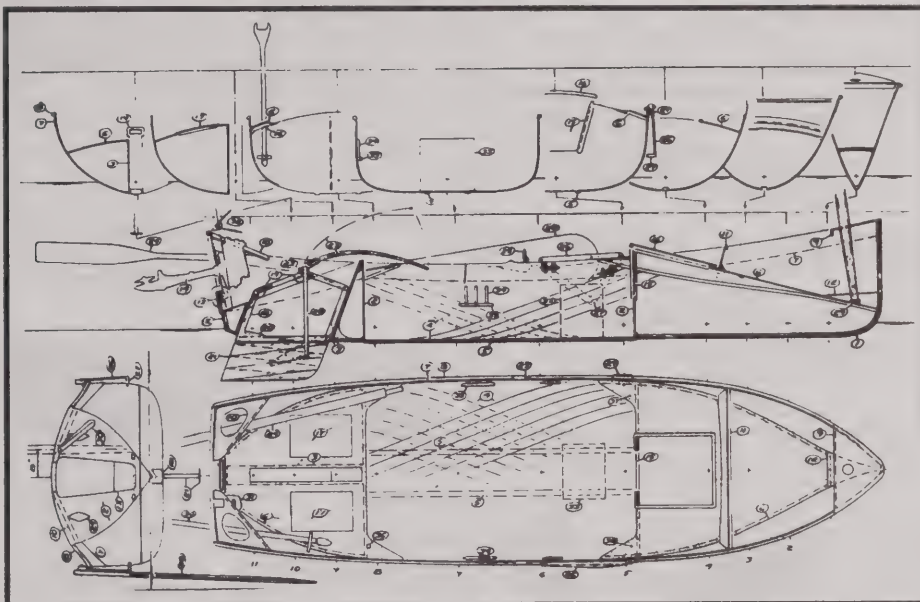
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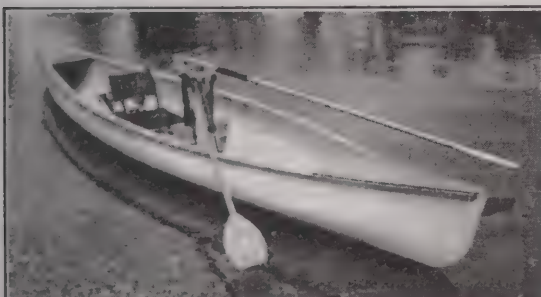
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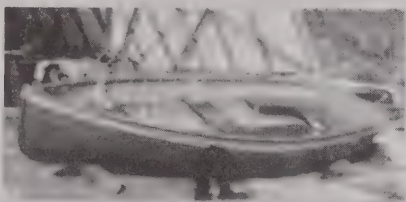
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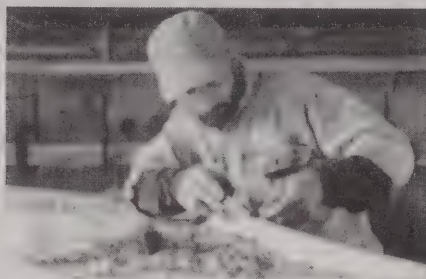
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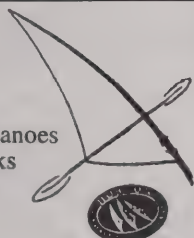


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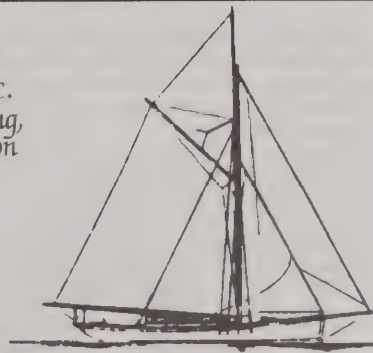
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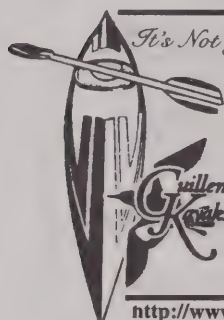
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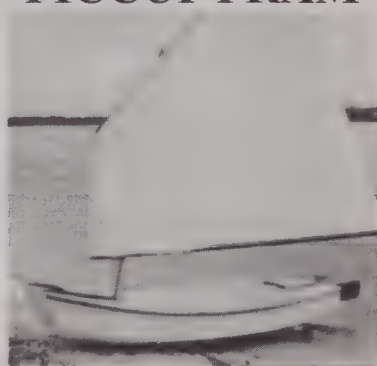
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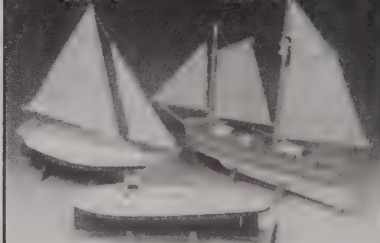
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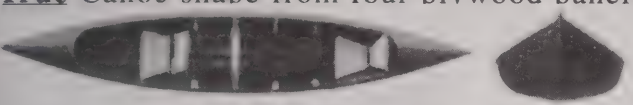
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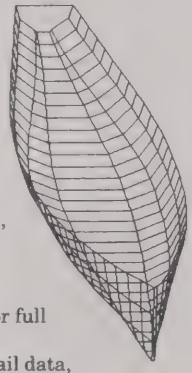
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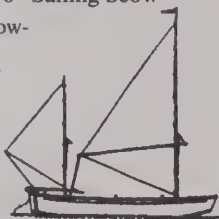
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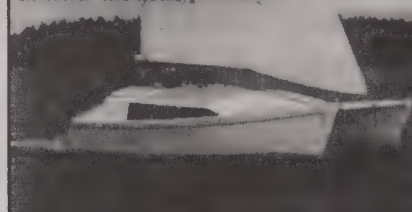
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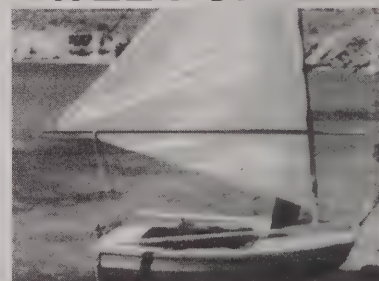
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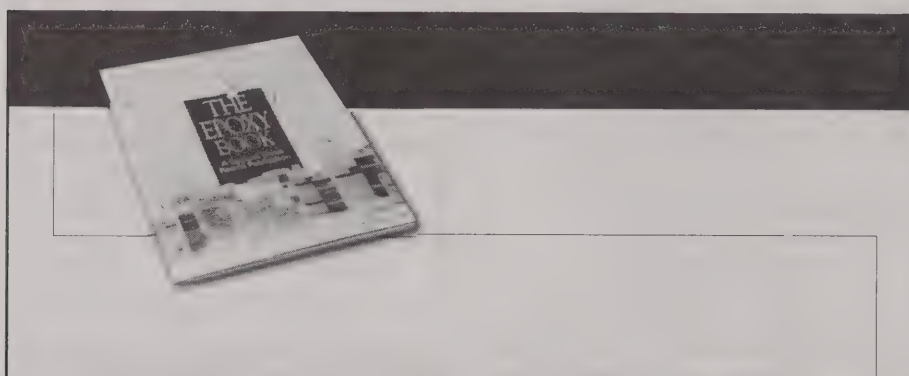
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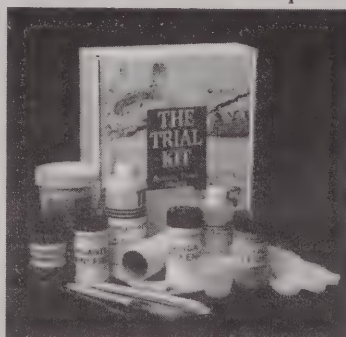
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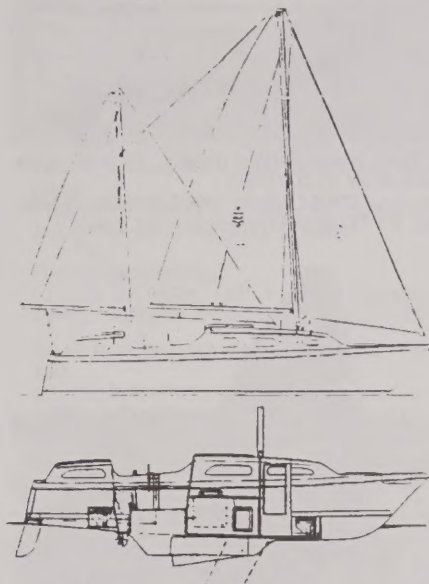
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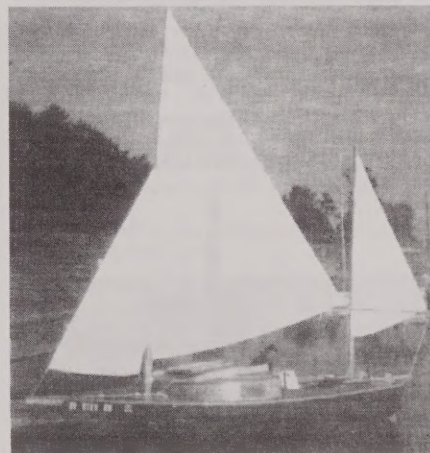
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Old Town Square Stern Skiff, 14'2" w/long deck, blt approx '43, wood/canvas, FG overlay in '60s. Orig brass oarlocks/oars. \$1,000.
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1916 Chaisson Built Motor Launch, 20' Kingston Lobster Boat. 5hp one-lunger, orig hrdwre & fittings. Museum quality restoration. Also custom blt trlr. Deliver anywhere on east coast.
FRANK VALENTINO, Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507, <seagull508@aol.com> (24)

'93 MacGregor 26, on trlr. 8hp Evinrude w/alternator & extra battery in lazarette. Fully equipped for cruising: Autohelm, GPS, VHF, AM/FM cassette, depth., bottom paint, 2 burner stove, portapotty, spin-naker, pop-top tent, anchors, teak swim ladder, cockpit cushions, custom mahogany interior cabinetry, compass and more. \$10,000.
MARTIN STEVENS, Black Mountain, NC, (828) 669-2846. (24)

BOATS WANTED

Grumman Sportboat.

BARRY TARGAN, 259 Mahaffey Rd., Greenwich, NY 12834, (518) 692-9409, <Btargan@aol.com> (24)

Porta-Bote, 12' only, w/wo accessories, location not important.

PAT NAGLE, 2916 S. Quince St., Olympia, WA 98501, (360) 357-8283, <Pat/Helen@iPhone.net> (23)

Boats & Marine Equipment, not-for-profit Christian ministry nds donations of lg/small, power/sail, coastal or blue water cruisers to bring God's word the waterways of the world. Tax benefits.
CRUISING MINISTRIES, INC., 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, (727) 849-3766, <graced@gte.net (24P)

Boat, Canoe or Kayak, have computer system w/ recent upgrades to trade.

MARK REVEAUX, Stony Creek, CT, (203) 766-1525, <paddle98@snet.net> (24)

Rowing Shell, light single recreational type (Maas).
BARBARA EDWARDS, Essex, CT, (860) 767-0543, <bedwards02@snet.net> (24)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

20' Elver Sprit Rig, white dacron main, jib & mizzen. Main luff 10', foot 10', throat to peak 9'8". Jib luff 11'3", foot 7'. Mizzen luff 4', foot 5', throat to peak 4'4". Used 3 times. \$200 firm.
RICHARD MEAD, Caseville, MI, (517) 856-7438. (23)

Sails: Main 17'8" leech, 16'0" luff, 9'4" foot. Jib 11'6" leech, 12'3" luff, 6'4" foot. Like new cond. \$200 OBO.
MIKE KELLEY, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 395-0934. (24P)

Wood Spars, from 10' Turnabout, mast, boom, fittings & shrouds. \$30. **12' Spruce Boom**, w/track & gooseneck, simple oval design. \$25.
DARRELL STREET, Medford, MA, (781) 391-3035 after 8pm. (24)

Mylar Genoa Jib, for 20-24' sailboat. Luff 24'10", foot 13'5", weight only 8lbs. 11 snap hooks. A-1 cond. \$150pp.
RICHARD KNIGHT, 321 Burning Tree Dr., Naples, FL 34105, (941) 262-5303. (24)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Sunfish or Sailfish Rig, compl for budget project. Will buy parts or -plans to make them. Willing to travel.
FRED MOLLER, 40 Endless Brook Rd., Wells, VT 05774, (802) 325-3411. (24)

GEAR FOR SALE

Steering Wheel, dual controls, column linkage from 30' Garwood type '28 launch, walnut & nickled bronze. Exc. \$295.
JIM FLORENCE, Neenah, WI, (920) 722-5761. (24)

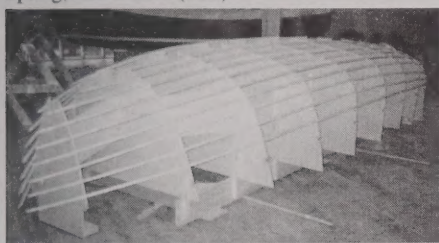
British Seagull OB, 4hp, no neutral nor reverse. \$150.
RICHARD MEAD, Caseville, MI, (517) 856-7438. (23)

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DESIGN WORKS, Dept. MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)



Building Mold, for Joel White's 15' Marsh Cat, traditional Cape Cod catboat. Bldg plans available from *WoodenBoat*. \$150 OBO.
RICK GODDARD, Sherborn, MA, (508) 653-1386, 6-10pm. (24)

British Seagull OB, 4hp vintage unknown. Proclaimed as "the best outboard for the world". Simple & reliable. Orig owner's manual & unique mounting bracket incl. Exc cond. Asking \$450.
RON PATTERSON, Wilton, NH, (603) 654-9687. (24)

GEAR WANTED

Small Boat Trailer, galv or alum suitable for 14' rowing boat. Should be in gd cond & not too far away.
STEVE COOPMAN, 29 Briggs Rd., Saunderson, RI 02874-3815. (23)

Newport 19 CB, or someone who can manufacture one.
W.C. VINES, Rt. 7 Box 81E, Andalusia, AL 36420, <mwvine@alaweb.com> (23)

British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond.
FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.
NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

The Odd-A-Tea, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated.
TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)



Narrow Waters, Dee Carstarphen's beautiful log of small-boat adventures. 140pp, hundreds of watercolors, scores of sketch charts evoke 2,000 mile cruise from Chesapeake to Dry Tortugas. \$19.95 signed, postpaid. Reviewed in January 15, 1999 issue.
PEN & INK PRESS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579. (TFP)

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Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.
ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

Old Boating Magazines, approx 100 from '60 thru '92 include *Rudder*, *Sail*, *Small Boat Journal*, *Boat Journal* & others. All for \$50 plus shipping.
VI BEAUDREAU, 7 Peppercorn Ln., E. Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-0869, <vbeaudreau@thehartford.com> (24)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.
TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)



Bliss, the Quick & Easy Canoe, plans \$26. Illustrated leaflet of 16 small craft designs \$2.
DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slips 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.
THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

Old Canoe Catalogs.
LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

Small Boat Journal, #1-#33, #39-#50, #61, #63, #80.
GUNNAR JOHNSON, 383 Laird Dr., Freeport, FL 32439-4630, (850) 835-3221. (24)

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DRIFTWOOD DAN, D. Osterday, 220 W. Palomino Dr., Tempe, AZ 85284. (TF)

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SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)

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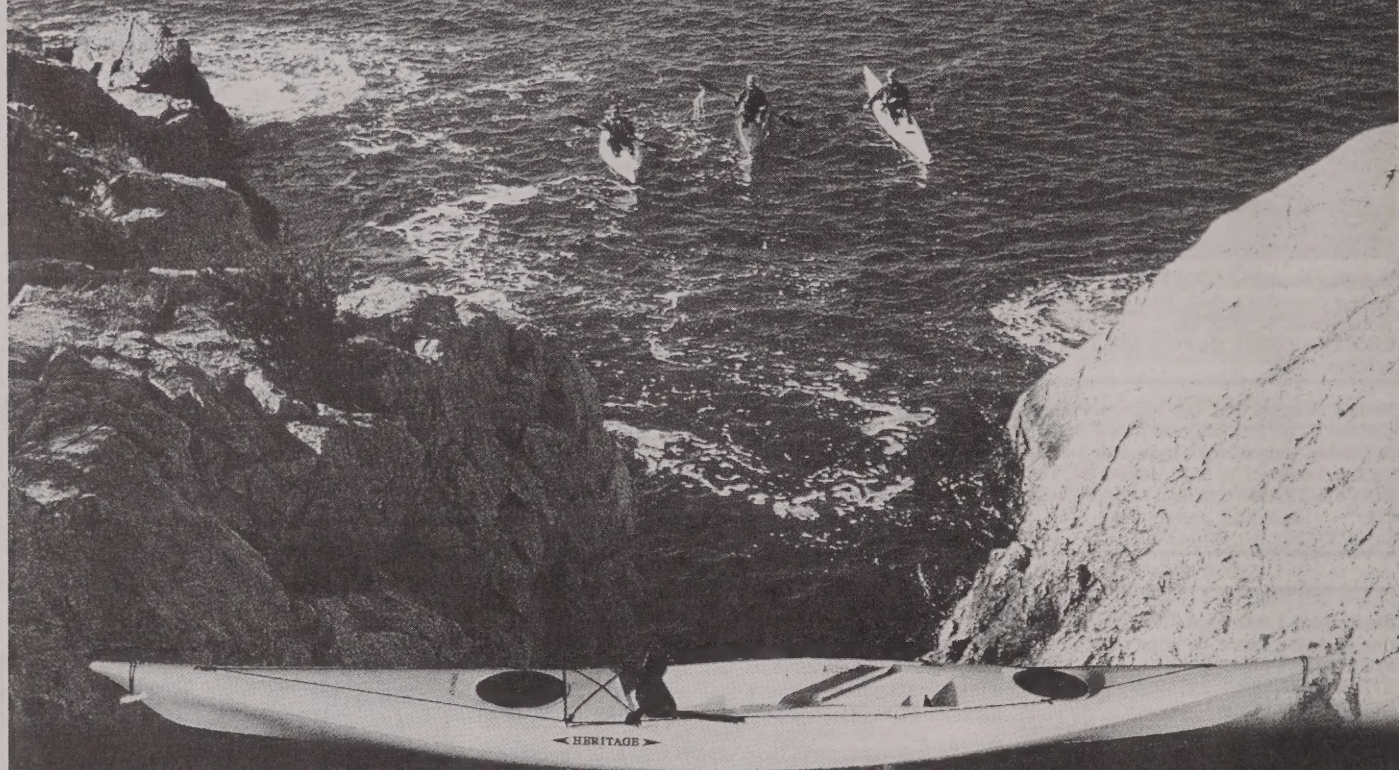


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